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ROCKET:
And How the Christmas Came to Him.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

I'LL tell you how the Christmas came
To Rocket—no, you never met him,
That is, you never knew his name,
Although 'tis possible you've let him
Display his skill upon your shoes:
A boot-black—Arab, if you choose:
Has inspiration dropped to zero
When such material makes a hero?
And who was Rocket? Well, an urchin,
A gamin, dirty, torn and tattered,
Whose chiefest pleasure was to perch in
The Bowery gall'ry; there it mattered
But little what the play might be—
Broad farce or point-lace comedy—
He meted out his just appause
By rigid, fixed and proper laws.
A father once he had, no doubt,
A mother on the Island staying,
Which left him free to knock about
And gratify a taste for straying
Through crowded streets. 'Twas there he found
Companionship and grew renowned.
An ash-box served him for a bed—
As good, at least, as Moses' rushes—
And for his daily meat and bread,
He earned them with his box and brushes.
An Arab of the city's slums,
With ready tongue and empty pocket,
Unaided left to solve life's sums,
But plucky always—that was Rocket!

II.

'Twas Christmas eve, and all the day
The snow had fallen fine and fast;
In banks and drifted heaps it lay
Along the streets. A piercing blast
Blew cuttingly. The storm was past,
And now the stars looked coldly down
Upon the snow-enshrouded town.

Ah, well it is if Christmas brings
Good-will and peace which poet sings.
How full are all the streets to-night
With happy faces, flushed and bright!
The matron in her silks and furs,
The pompous banker, fat and sleek,
The idle, well-fed loiterers,
The merchant-prince, the churchman meek,
Forgetful now of hate and spite,
For all the world is glad to-night!
All, did I say? Ah, no, not all,
For sorrow throws on some its pall;
And here, within the broad, fair city,
The Christmas-time no beauty brings
To those who plead in vain for pity,
To those who cherish but the stings
Of wretchedness and want and woe,
Who never love's great bounty know,
Whose grief no kindly hands assuage,
Whose misery mocks our Christian age
Pray ask yourself what means to them
That Christ is born in Bethlehem!

But Rocket? On this Christmas-eve
You might have seen him standing where
The city's streets so interweave
They form that somewhat famous square
Called Printing house. His face was bright,
And at this gala, festive season
You could not find a heart more light—

I'll tell you in a word the reason:
By dint of patient toil in shining
Patrician shoes and Wall-street boots,
He had, within his jacket's lining,
A dollar and a half—the fruits
Of pinching, saving and a trial
Of really Spartan self-denial.
That dollar and a half was more
Than Rocket ever owned before:
A princely fortune, so he thought,
And with those hoarded dimes and nickels
What Christmas pleasures may be bought!
A dollar and a half! It tickles
The boy to say it over, musing
Upon the money's proper using:
"I'll go a-gobbler, leg and breast,
With cranberry sauce and fixin's nice,
And pie, mince-pie, the very best,
And puddin'—say a double slice!
And then to doughnuts how I'll freeze,
With coffee—guess that ere's the cheese!
And after grub I'll go to see
The "Seven Goblins of Dundee."
It think yer Christmas ain't a hatter,
I'll let yer rip my Sunday duster!"

So Rocket mused as he hurried along,
Clutching his money with grasp yet tighter,
And humming the air of a rollicking song.
With a heart as light as his clothes—or lighter.
Through Centre street he makes his way.
When, just as he turns the corner at Pearl,
He hears a voice cry out in dismay:
And sees before him a slender girl,
As ragged and tattered in dress as he,
With hand outstretched forth for charity.
In the street-light's fitful and flickering glare
He caught a glimpse of the pale, pinched face—
So gaunt and wasted, yet strangely fair.
With a lingering touch of childhood's grace
On the delicate features. Her head was bare,
And over her shoulders disordered there hung
A mass of tangled, nut-brown hair.
In misery old as in years she was young,
She gazed in his face. And oh, for the eyes—
The big, blue, sorrowful, hungry eyes!
That were fixed in a desperate, frightened stare.
Hundreds have jostled her by to-night—
The rich, the great, the good and the wise,
Hurrying on to the warmth and light
Of happy homes—they have jostled her by,
And the only one who has heard her cry,
Or, hearing, has felt his heartstrings stirred,
Is Rocket—this youngster of coarser clay,
This gamin, who never so much as heard
The beautiful story of Him who lay
In the manger of old on Christmas day!

With artless pathos and simple speech.
She stands and tells him her pitiful tale;
Ah, well it those weep pray and preach
Could catch an echo of that sad wail.
She tells of the terrible battle for bread,
Tells of a father long dead with crime,
Tells of a mother lying dead.
At this, the gala Christmas-time;
Then adds, gazing up at the starlit sky:
"I'm hungry and cold, and I wish I could die!"

What is it trickles down the cheek
Of Rocket—can it be a tear?
He stands and stares, but does not speak;
He thinks again of that good cheer
Which Christmas was to bring: he sees
The visions of roast turkey, steaming pies,
The playbills—then, in place of these,
The girl's beseeching, hungry eyes;
One mighty effort, gulping down
The disappointment in his breast,
A quivering of the lip, a frown,
And then, while Pity pleads her best,
He snatches forth his cherished hoard,
And gives it to her like a lord!
"Here, freeze to that; I'm flush, yer see,
And then you needs it more 'an me!"
With that he turns and walks away,
So fast the girl can nothing say,
So fast he does not hear the prayer
That sanctifies the Winter air.
But He who blessed the widow's mite
Looked down and smiled upon the sight.

III.

No feast of steaming pies or turkey,
No ticket for the matinee,
All drear and desolate and murky,
In truth, a very dismal day.
With dinner on a crust of bread,
And not a penny in his pocket,
A friendly ash box for a bed—
Thus came the Christmas day to Rocket.
And yet—and here's the strangest thing—
As best befits the festive season,
The boy was happy as a king—
I wonder can you guess the reason?

THE LIVING MYSTERY;
OR,
THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

It was midnight. The Hall was dark; its guest had departed for his own house—the dreary Rectory—which looked more ghostly than ever with its one solitary, dimly-lighted window, behind which paced to and fro the strange owner. The broad brow was more marked, the thin lips were sterner and more unbending, and the eyes fiercer yet sadder than ever, as, never pausing in his monotonous striding up and down the chamber, with its faded old-world furniture and worn tapestry, its rows of dust-covered, carved book-shelves and rust-eaten armor, he muttered:

"To the ends of the earth, even here, she follows me! O Heaven! how dire is thy vengeance! Here, where I had flown for solitude and refuge—here, where I had meant to dwell apart from all—here, within the shadow of the noble house I have brought to ruin and desolation—I find her gibing, mocking, fiendish face."

Here the bitter soliloquy broke off, while the speaker hid his burning eyes in his clenched white hands and groaned. But presently the voice, which rose and fell with a low, tremulous sound, like the cry of a being in mortal agony, caught up the thread of thought and spun it into words again, the communer unconsciously using the sweet-toned "thou" and "thy" which had become familiar to him by his long sojourn in foreign lands.

"Whither wilt thou go, Maurice Durant? Whither wilt thou go to forget thyself and the dreaded past? In the frozen seas thou wouldst see her face reflected on the ice; in the desert thou wouldst see it traced in the sand! Flee! of what avail is flight? Thou canst not fly from thine own black heart! Thou canst not escape from thine own memory. No, no, a thousand times no, no! The past bears bitter fruit—deadly wine, which thou must drink to the dregs. And yet how hard! O Heaven, how hard! How different might have been thy lot. Thou idiot, thou idiot! didst thou never dream of some fair face like that of the sweet, pale lily that caressed thy world-worn hands to-night? O Heaven! if thou hadst, thy dream would have saved thee!"

Then came another pause, but the voice, this time slower, softer, yet with more of pain in its determination, breathed forth:

"Thou must go, Maurice, before ill is done: the sweet face is creeping into thy heart, and the sweet girl-eyes already bear within them the dawning of love. Love! oh, bitter mockery, that so pure a being should love thee, Maurice Durant. She must not, she shall not," he continued, throwing up his hands and gasping as if for breath. "Save her, Maurice; fly and save her, if thou wouldst not merit the destruction which awaits thee!"

CHAPTER IX.

Cursed be the forms that err from Nature's golden rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straightened forehead of the fool!

"I look upon dinner, Miss Lawley, as one of the most important things in life," said the Honorable Mr. Hartfield, shaking his curly head with profound earnestness, and crossing his long legs with an air of comfortable ease. "You look as if you thought me wrong. I'm right, I assure you. I know a fellow—he's veyy old—said he'd tried everything—by Jove! fighting, traveling, working, marrying—but all turned out blanks, nothing a prize except his dinner. He's a—a—what's his name?—Solomon—you know, eh?"

The scene was the drawing-room at Lady Mildred's. Dinner had just come to an end, Sir Fielding was comfortably ensconced in an easy-chair beside the fire opposite Lady Mildred, who, with Maud at her side, was recounting some traveling experience. In a corner of the room Chudleigh, with an album in his hand, was leaning, watching Carlotta and the Honorable Clarence, who were seated on an ottoman. Mr. Hartfield's voice, as it rose and fell, floated over to him, jarring upon his ears most discordantly, and set him wondering with a fiery impatience how the beautiful Carlotta could sit and listen with such smiling attention.

"Can you find no higher aim or end than dining, Mr. Hartfield?" said Carlotta, with a slight smile. "What would become of the world if all its inhabitants thought with you?"

"Good! by Jove!" murmured the exquisite. "That's a poser. Not that I c-are for the world, you know; no fellow does."

"You have not answered my question," said Carlotta.

"I can't," replied Mr. Hartfield; "it's so like a widdle, and I never could make out a widdle. I took a magazine in once—you know what I mean; not a p-powder magazine, but a monthly journal. It was vewy good, you know—all stories and p-poetry; but there was always a page of c-conundrums and enigmas at the end; and I used to turn to this page—not because I wanted to, you know, but because I couldn't help it. I was f-fascinated, er, er!—difficult word fascinated—and—where was I? Oh, the widdles. Well, they used to stick in my mind for days and months, and I always used to be asking myself and sometimes other fellows why a p-pastry-cook is like St. Paul's Cathedral, and all that sort of thing!" and, overcome by the ridiculousness of the idea, the honorable gentleman leaned back and burst into a ripple of "eh ehs!" in which Sir Fielding and Lady Mildred joined, for it was impossible to refrain from laughing at the absurd tone and manner of the fashionable exotic.

Chudleigh dropped the album with suddenness enough to make them all jump, and crossed over to the fire and Maud, looking up, saw the frown upon his face, and, pitying him, rose from her seat, and crossing, over to Carlotta, said:

"Will you sing something?"

"Ah, do, my dear," said Lady Mildred, and Carlotta rose and walked towards the piano, which Chudleigh opened for her, saying in a low voice as he did so:

"It was a shame to disturb you."

She raised her eyes for one moment to his cloudy face and seemed about to answer him, but dropped them again without speaking and commenced playing. Chudleigh leaned against the piano with his arms folded across his breast and his head lowered thoughtfully. Mr. Hartfield had exchanged his seat for one beside Sir Fielding's chair, and at the pause of the song Chudleigh heard his father say, in answer to some question of the exquisite:

"Mr. Gregson and I don't meet very often. I regret to say that I am not of much use in parochial affairs."

"You ought to know him, weally," said Mr. Hartfield. "He's a vewy good fellow enough, you know—vewy wough, but made of the wight sort of metal."

Sir Fielding bowed.

"I am glad to hear you say so," he said mildly.

"Oh, yes, he is, I assure you," said Mr. Hartfield, who, for some reason or other, seemed bent upon championing his friends. "Here's an example—I don't like examples, they remind one of arithmetic as a wule—one of your bulls got into his flower-garden the other morning and did no end of d-damage. Now, another fellow would have p-pounded the animal and made a disturbance—eh? But Gwegson didn't, by Jove! He went about by himself vociferating for a quarter of an hour, and then had the bull driven back into your m-meadow, and set his man to mend the hedge. That's owiginal—eh? By Jove!"

"It's more than original," said Sir Fielding warmly. "It's generous and gentlemanly. I will lose no time in writing to thank Mr. Gregson."

"By Jove! you mustn't do it that way, you know," said Mr. Hartfield quickly, shaking his head. "Gwegson would know I'd split on him, and—by Jove! Oh, I say, you know—eh?"

"I understand you," said Mr. Fielding, smiling at the enigmatical objection. "At least I must thank him in some way."

"May I suggest that you wide over to The Folly to-morrow morning?" said Mr. Hartfield. "I'm sure you'd like them. They must be good-natured sort of people to let a fellow go on his own hook as I do. Twy them, as the twadespeople say, Sir Fielding. It would be weally a kindness—eh, Miss Chichester?" and he turned to Maud with a smile.

"Do call, papa," said Maud. "It was very good of Mr. Gregson, was it not?" and, leaning over, she touched Chudleigh—who, as he was bending over Carlotta and saying something in a quiet, eager voice, started at the interruption—and told him the incident of the bull and the flower-garden, adding, in a lower tone: "See, Chud., papa has almost given way. Do persuade him to call."

Chudleigh nodded acquiescingly, but not with any show of pleasure, and, seating himself beside Carlotta, continued the conversation, if conversation it could be called when he alone was speaking, Carlotta listening with lowered face and eyes.

"The horse is quite safe. You know I would not let you ride if it were not. Say you will come. Give me your promise. Maud will be so delighted; she is fond of a galop, you know. Let me bring the horse round for you to-morrow morning if the weather be bright, will you?" and he waited eagerly for the answer which she seemed loth to give. "I know you are fond of riding," he continued persuadingly, "for I heard you tell Maud that you were, and I am sure you will like 'The Sultan.' You will come, will you not?"

With a troubled look and a slight flush she raised her head and almost said "Yes," when the Honorable Hartfield came lour ing up to them, and with a start Carlotta regained her usual calmness and said:

"No, thank you very much; not to-morrow, please," and Chudleigh, bowing, with a stern frown at the exquisite as he passed, rose and walked up to Lady Mildred.

"Aunt," he said, "I have a few letters to write to-night. You will excuse me, will you not?"

"Not going yet, Chudleigh?" said Lady Mildred. "Dear me, how is that? The carriage will not be here for another hour, will it, Sir Fielding?"

"No," said Sir Fielding, looking up at Chudleigh with mild inquiry. "Must you go, Chud.?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, and, shaking hands with Lady Mildred, crossed over to the ottoman.

"Good-night, Mr. Hartfield," he said as cordially as he could, and "Good-night, Miss Lawley," as icily.

Poor fellow! It was an unhappy time for him. It seemed hard that such an idiot as the Honorable Clarence appeared to be could win smiles from the woman he loved, whereas he gained nothing but cold looks and cold words.

CHAPTER X.

Here comes the aristocrat,
With courtly mien and gait;
While close upon his heels
The men of money wait.

Be the Honorable Mr. Hartfield's reason for bringing about an acquaintance between the Hall and The Folly what it might, he certainly had arranged his tactics in a astonishingly masterly way, and successfully, for the morning after the dinner at the Cottage Sir Fielding and Chudleigh rode over to the large red-bricked house which they had so long ignored. Hartfield had advised the Gregsons of the intended visit in a few languid, off-hand words, and the family were on the qui vive of expectation, old Gregson being warned in a timid way by his daughters to keep watch and guard over his language, and Tom counseled to absent himself altogether during the interview, or keep a prudent silence, and on no account to offer to "lay" Sir Fielding two to one or bet him the odds. Notwithstanding these preparations, the Gregson family were extremely agitated when Sir Fielding and Chudleigh dismounted and were ushered into the drawing-room.

"How do you do, Sir Fielding?" said Mr. Gregson, grasping the long white hand in his short red one. "Happy to see you. Quite an honor, sir. Hope you're well, Mr. Chichester. Mrs. Gregson, my daughters, Misses Bella and Lavinia. Met Miss Maud at the Mothers' Meeting, I believe—many times."

Sir Fielding and Chudleigh then passed over to the ladies, who, all smiles and flutterings, made room for them on the sofa, old Gregson seating himself in an easy-chair and commencing a conversation—concerning the weather, of course—with Chudleigh. Sir Fielding, between the two girls, was highly amused for some few minutes, not insensible to their evident attempts at blandishment, and, thinking after all that they were rather well-behaved and quiet, said:

"My daughter would have accompanied us this morning, but she has a headache. I am commissioned with her compliments, which I beg of you to accept. Will you do us the honor of calling at the Hall when next you are near?"

Mr. Gregson bowed, and the girls murmured "Delighted." Then Sir Fielding rose and commenced the real object of his visit.

"Mr. Gregson," he said, "I owe you some thanks. Permit me to discharge the debt."

"What's that, sir?" asked Mr. Gregson, bristling up from his chair. "Wasn't aware of any debt. No thanks due to me for anything that I know of. Don't quite understand, Sir Fielding."

"You have added to your generosity by forgetting it so quickly," replied Sir Fielding, with his quiet, courtly smile. "I have come to apologize for my bull, and express my regret for the damage and annoyance which his trespass must have caused you. I only learnt it yesterday, or, be assured, would have found an earlier opportunity to thank you for your consideration."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" retorted Mr. Gregson, slowly relapsing into his old manner at the warmth of Sir Fielding's apology. "Bulls will be bulls. He didn't do much harm, and if he had I suppose that wouldn't be any reason why one gentleman should forget himself in regard to another. I'm about sure if one o' my cattle had got onto your grounds you would have acted something after the same style."

Sir Fielding colored slightly, for he had a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Gregson's bull, had it trespassed on the Chichester grounds, would have gone into the pound; therefore he thought it safest to bow.

"Just so!" exclaimed Mr. Gregson. "Do as you'd be done by' is my motto, and always has been since I first started in life. I commenced on that principle, and went along on that principle, and I'm going on it now," and he brought his heavy fist down upon a papier-mache table with sufficient force to make Sir Fielding jump and Chudleigh smile.

"A very good principle," said Sir Fielding, his soft, well-bred voice presenting a marked contrast to the burly one just silent. "With such a principle, a man should prosper."

"And I have prospered, Sir Fielding," replied Mr. Gregson, looking round with a defiant air. "I have prospered. I began life with two and fourpence half-penny in my pocket, and here I am with—well, it doesn't matter how much. I'm content. I've worked hard, but uprightly. This hand may be hard, but it's honest," and Mr. Gregson flourished his right hand before him with a decided shake of the head, while Sir Fielding muttered beneath his breath:

"It is hard."

"I've worked my own way, sir, I may say, unhelped, unaided. I've known what hardship is, and the bitter crust, and I've known what misfortune is; but hardship and misfortune don't hurt a man—it's luxury and ignorance, extravagance and vice, as ruins a man, and that's what England is coming to."

Mr. Gregson, having delivered his opinion, emphasized by another bang on the unoffending table, sat down. Sir Fielding smiled.

"Your life must have been an interesting one," said Sir Fielding.

Then, turning to the window, and anxious to change or rather avoid a continuance of, the subject, he said:

"That is a fine position for your fruit-trees."

"Yes, very good," said Chudleigh; "Miss Gregson tells me that their gardener got the prize at the last show."

"Three prizes," said Miss Lavinia modestly.

"Dear me!" said Sir Fielding, who within his heart had cherished the idea that no plums could compare with the Chichester.

"Would you like to walk round?" said Mr. Gregson, and, Sir Fielding assenting, the three gentlemen made their way into the conservatories.

Sir Fielding was astounded at their magnitude and appointments.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In rustling robes of silk and lace,
She steps from out her carriage door;
The moonlight falls upon her face,
The night is fairer than before.
And stars that light the Christmas skies
Grow dim before her flashing eyes.

O beauty passing poet's dreams!
O grace out-t-ipping fancy's reach!
How silent to the Christmas seems
Her perfectness, defying speech.
For lo! her very presence flings
A glory round all earthly things!

"This is very beautiful," he said, with admiration.

"That arrangement for the firs is a splendid improvement," said Chudleigh. "Maud's ferns would be improved if she adopted this plan."

Mr. Gregson looked pleased.

"Well," he said, "they are nice, I suppose. They ought to be, for they cost a mint of money—a mint of money," and he shook his head slowly. "But, there, I don't mind; it's a whim of my daughters, and they never have a wish ungratified. 'Papa,' they say, 'I want a conservatory,' I want a new pony. I want a set of brilliants.' They have them. Conservatory, ponies, brilliants—no matter what they ask for, they get it."

Sir Fielding murmured something which sounded like "Indulgent father, value of money," and the three descended the steps on to the lawn. As they did so, Mr. Hartfield appeared coming round the corner, exquisitely dressed in a loose morning-coat of purple velvet, perfectly fitting pearl-gray trowsers, and a deer-stalker that set off his golden hair to perfection. Arranging his eyeglass, Mr. Hartfield lounged forward, and with a noiseless laugh of delight shook hands.

"Ah, Sir Fielding, delightful morning, is it not? Ah, Mr. Chichester, can you play rackets? Yes! Give me a game, eh? em! Point? Oh, deuced bad player, I assure you. Mr. Gregson—Tom, I mean—beats me frightfully. Ah, by Jove! here is Mr. Gregson," he added as Tom Gregson, in a brown cutaway coat, light trowsers, and horsey-looking deer-stalker, emerged from the racket-hall.

"Mr. Chichester, Mr. Gregson. If you want any information about the next handicap, Mr. Chichester, Mr. Gregson's the man. He knows a horse when he sees it. No, no, I don't mean that. I should have said that he's a most excellent judge of horses. Eh, Tom, eh?"

Mr. Thomas Gregson looked half surly, half complimented.

"I am not a bad judge of a horse," he admitted.

"Coming to have a game, Mr. Chichester? Fine game. I will bet you what you like there is not a healthier sport, except hunting, going. Now, Hartfield, what points?"

Chudleigh shook his head.

"I am very sorry," he said; "I must return with Sir Fielding."

Sir Fielding and Mr. Gregson had gone on to the stables. The three young men followed them, Clarence Hartfield talking all the time, and managing imperceptibly to cover Mr. Tom's occasional remarks with his frequent "Eh, eh?" and striving, so it seemed to Chudleigh, who, being jealous of the exquisite, was naturally suspiciously keen-eyed, to pass the meeting over pleasantly.

"Hullo, here's the governor," said Tom, entering the first stable. "Look here, Mr. Chichester. I can show you a good bit of horse-flesh. What do you think of that?" and with a knowing look he pulled the cloth off a showy-looking animal. "That's a good one to look at, eh? How do you do, sir?" he added, turning to Sir Fielding, who at that moment entered.

Sir Fielding shook hands with him and stood to look at the horse.

"A splendid creature," said Chudleigh, with honest admiration. "Rather a tough one, is it not? Its ears look suspicious."

"Tough!" repeated Mr. Tom; "I should guess she is, too. I'll bet there is not a mastier-tempered animal in the country. Have a spin round?"

And he jerked his head at the courtyard. Chudleigh was a good horseman, and did not know what fear was; but it struck him that it would be scarcely wise to get a broken head or a damaged nose simply to contribute to Mr. Tom Gregson's amusement, so he declined.

"Quite right, sir, you're quite right," said Mr. Gregson senior. "Tom's an idiot with horses, a perfect idiot. This animal, sir, is a beast. Knew it the moment I saw it; but my son insisted upon purchasing it, and, consequently, there's a hundred guineas gone in a kicking-machine," and he waved his hand in denunciation at the obnoxious quadruped, who, by its fidgeting to and fro, seemed to understand the lavish condemnation passed upon her.

"Oh, she aint so bad as all that," said Mr. Tom. "Look here. Bob says he can't mount her—says she kicks him off as soon as he's on. Now, I say it's his fault. What does he let her kick him off for when once he's on? Look here, Hartfield; I'll bet you two to one in guineas I mount her and keep her as still as a statue, without a kick to the bad."

Mr. Gregson opened his mouth, pretty widely, too; but Clarence Hartfield's voice stopped the abuse, or whatever was coming, by drawling:

"Done, by Jove! and tweble if you like."

"I'll double it," said Tom without hesitation, and telling one of the grooms to come and saddle her.

It was hard work for the man, but after a great deal of backing, kicking, hoisting and other gymnastics, the saddle was slipped on and all ready. Chudleigh and Sir Fielding looked on with some little astonishment. To mount the horse alone would be a matter of no little danger, and they had not given Mr. Tom Gregson credit for courage.

"All ready, sir," said the groom, touching his cap.

"Then take her out into the yard:"

"Yard, sir," muttered the groom interrogatively—"not the paddock?"

"Yard, yard I said," replied Tom.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the groom, with whom Mr. Tom, through similarity of tastes, was a favorite. "I was thinking of the stones."

"Then you shouldn't think of the stones," retorted Tom. "Go and do as you're told."

The man led the horse out. The animal was as quiet as a lamb, but with her ears laid well back, and her eyes leering viciously.

"Don't you think you'd better try the paddock, Mr. Gregson?" said Sir Fielding, pointing to the stones would be dangerous."

"But I'm not going to fall, sir," said Tom. "Besides, the bet was for the yard, and I'll stick to it."

"Don't be foolish," growled his father.

But to this mild exhortation Mr. Tom made no reply, and, followed by the others, walked into the yard.

The moment he approached the horse it reared on its hind-legs, then, coming down with an ominous crash, struck out behind.

"I'm off the bet if you like, Tom," said Mr. Hartfield. "You'll break your neck."

"I'll treble it if you like," retorted Tom.

"No, it's wobbing you," said Clarence, shaking his head.

"All right," said Tom.

And taking his whip from the groom, he, with a sudden spring, vaulted into the saddle, and, holding the bridle with a grasp of iron, gave the beast a good slash across its satin skin. The mare went across the yard like a thunderbolt, then made a sudden stop and an attempt to raise her heels, but with another slash and a peculiar turn of the hand her rider got her mouth well under, and she stood still.

"Keep a lookout, sir," cried one of the grooms, as the beast, perfectly astounded, laid back her ears right along her neck.

"Confound you! mind your own business," shouted Tom irately, and the groom slunk away.

"Now, then," cried Tom, "she's to stand three minutes."

And with a lash of the merciless whip again he brought her with a leap into the centre of the yard.

Then, stroking her neck, but in no whit lessening the strain on the bit, he kept her motionless almost as a statue, and, as Chudleigh cried out the third minute, he leapt to the ground with a grin.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Clarence Hartfield, assuming, with the aid of his eye-glass, a look of astonishment that was perfectly ridiculous, although the horsey-looking deer-stalker, emerged from the racket-hall.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

MAUDE, New Orleans.—1. Miss Kate Claxton began her professional career in Chicago, not "at the foot of the ladder," but yet in a minor capacity. She was afterwards an humble member of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre th seity, as well as of a theatre in Washington, D. C. 2. Her real surname is Cone, which fact, were it not already well known, we should not consider ourselves at liberty to make public. She is the granddaughter of the late Herbert Spencer Houghton Cone, D. D., who in 1815-16 was Chaplain to Congress, and before that had been one of the foremost native actors on the American stage. 3. How would "Maude" like to have her age made public? If "Maude" has the shrewdness of the average woman of curiosity in these matters, she can, upon seeing Miss C. in anything but "The Two Orphans," come very near to guessing her correct age; and there is no law against guessing—not the part of a woman. 4. *When* Miss Claxton was born, her father was a lawyer, occasional journalist, and Democratic politician in this city. He has since been an agriculturist and a theatrical manager.

R. D. S., Richmond.—In sporting parlance, a "coach" is one who points out and endeavors to correct errors on the part of those engaged in competition, or who is preparing for a contest. It is more generally used in connection with rowing matters, the term being originally applied to men who were engaged to direct the movements of contestants in a race, the "coach" occupying a position in the bow of an accompanying four or six oared boat or a steamer. In rifle-shooting the "coach" takes observations of the direction, force and variation of the wind, and gives the competitors according advice.

R. A. O., Louisville.—1. In his behalf, friends in Detroit, Mich., where he was reared, have frequently published that Lawrence R. Hutt's name is that, and nothing else. Early in January last Mr. Barrett himself published a letter refuting the story, disseminated through a protected biographical sketch of him, that his name is Lawrence Brannigan. All this should be regarded as conclusive. And even if his name was ever Brannigan, it is not that now. 2. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. 3. O'Leary was born in Ireland, and he is the champion walker.

W. L. V., Newark.—The company in 1874 included Tony Pastor, E. D. Davies, Walters and Morton, John and Maggie Fielding, the Stocktons, the Sisters Brothers, Willie Weaver, Kitty Brooke, Billy Ashcroft, Billy Barry, Larry Tooley, and Frank Girard. They played in your city April 9. In 1875, Tony Pastor, Gus Williams, Venus and Adonis, the Foy Sisters, John and Maggie Fielding, Sanford and Wilson, Jennie Morgan, Harry Kernell, McKee and Rogers, Ella Wesner and Frank Girard. They performed in Newark March 31.

W. B., Toronto.—1. The best thing you can do is to watch our columns, in which stories or sketches in Dutch or negro dialect frequently appear. Or, for about ten cents a piece, you can procure from W. De Witt, 33 Rose street, the city, dramatic sketches in which the leading character is a Dutchman, an Irishman, or a negro. There is no book devoted wholly to dialect speaking. 2. "Saratoga," published by Frank Queen, 88 and 90 Centre street, New York city, is called a comedy; but, being in five acts, it is the longest farce we can now think of. It is all fun.

ESEK, Cincinnati.—Any one can be a professional "support." Almost every stock actor who had been on the American stage five years before either of the Western Sisters died, has "supported" one or the other of them tremendously. This makes your question rather ridiculous. It will doubtless appear eventually that the real bone of contention here is whether or not Sam Ryan ever supported either of the Denin Sisters. He has done so both in stock and as a star. He was the husband of one of them.

C. T. P., Wichita.—1. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as drawn from Mrs. H. B. Stowe's novel, was not played in Pittsburg, Pa., prior to July 4, 1853. The first play played in this county on Aug. 23, 1852. The Aiken-Howard version, still being played, was not produced until Sept. 27, 1852. 3. "Uncle Tom's Cabin As It Is," a play written in opposition to Mrs. Stowe's story by a resident of Baltimore, was performed in that city, and also in Richmond, Va., in 1852—in Baltimore, it is said, early in January.

J. H., Boston.—Thousands are "accomplished," but in totally different and diametrical lines of business, assuming that you mean for leading business year in and year out, without reference to specialty or emotional characters, ain't you doubling them in an emergency, perhaps? Mrs. J. B. Booth is as finished a one as there is. Yet, after this question has been so reduced that its meaning cannot be mistaken, the answer to it is but an expression of individual opinion.

NANSEMOND, West Phila.—1. Resuming our search from the point at which we had to stop because the theatre had ceased to advertise in the only daily paper then accessible to us, we find that Scott did play Gilo, and that for his year second note, what you furnish as a guide is useless. J. H. Allen, J. R. Scott, Miss A. Hathaway and Fanny Stirling were members of the Walnut-street Theatre. Two of them took the places of the other two.

C. H. W.—The party who lost on throw-off takes the second prize. A threw 44. The next highest to that was Ella's 43. No one made a second highest, and no third highest. Suppose all the parties had thrown 44. Would no one be entitled to the prize for the lowest throw? It would be due to the throws of 44. So with the prize for second highest. That would also go to the throws of 44. And so it should go when there are but two 44's.

J. E. W.—1. The trial of Warren Hastings lasted seven years and seven months. The expenses of defending him were said by the East India Company. They amounted to $75,000. For further particulars, call at the Mechanics' or the Astor Library, and consult "Macaulay's Essays" or Macaulay's "History of England." 2. When Sheppard defeated Sayers, Billy Edwards was the winner of the last fight for the light-weight championship. Sam Collyer was his opponent. 2. Edwards and Chambers fought once only, the battle being given against the former upon a claim. 3. No. Belcher and Jem Mace, Tom Collins fought a draw. 4. There is no such belt. Joe Goss is champion.

SCRANTON.—1. He must take the exposed card, except when it is given to him to fill with. Then he cannot take it. 2. If he has raised his cards, his hand is foul. If not, it is a misdeal. There is no taking to or from when the player himself has discovered that he has too few or too many. 3. If called, he must show his whole hand. If not called, he must show jacks or better.

W. B. K., San Francisco.—We think you have mixed yourself by confounding the ballad of "The Little Shamrock" with one of the several poems anent the Irish famine or the Irish outbreak. James M. Ward the actor, who is now sojourning in your vicinity, and has frequently recited both poems of that kind, can help to put you straight. Address him, inclosing a stamp for reply.

ROB ROY.—In practice, discount at billiards amounts to about thirty-four per cent., taking all styles of players and both styles of table and game (three-ball and four-ball). In your theoretical cases, which can never occur in practice, they are simply questions of figures that almost anybody else can solve as well as we, who have less time for the work; though almost anybody else.

SHERIDAN.—1. The scheme has fallen through, the party not having the money at command to do as he proposed. 2. Nothing definite can be given you in the matter. He presents evidence that he had the intention of founding a home for workingmen immediately intended for the numerous employes of the lines in which he was interested.

LIEUTENANT READER, Toronto.—1. Duff Pecunah Bradley of 1877 is the pitcher who played in the Boston nine in 1876, and not the St. Louis pitcher Bradley, who pitched for that nine in 1876, and for Chicago in 1877. 2. Pro Bonoism is the call them. 3. There are about twenty-five hundred policemen in this city.

BANK.—1. The player of the last six takes four for a run when the cards are 6, 4, 5, 7, 6. 2. The schooner yacht Dauntless, N. Y. Y. C., was originally called the L'Hirondelle, and was launched in 1868. 3. You have not said which party was being discounted.

NIAGARA FALLS.—Sam Patch never jumped over Niagara Falls. He jumped below the Falls, a distance of eighty-one feet. In jumping a distance of about one hundred and twelve feet, at Genesee Falls, Rochester, N. Y., he lost his life.

J. H.—A straight flush and a royal flush are the same. Never mind your imaginative reasoning. We can all of us change my John to Peter, and should have been Peter, but that does not alter John's name.

J. C. T., Camden.—An estate of that name was in quest on by about fifteen years ago, as we learn through Mr. John G. Boyd, lawyer, of 88 and 90 Centre street. It is out of our line, and we must refer you to him.

B. F., Mechanicsburg.—1. Yes. 2. In a gymnasium, and afterwards take a few lessons from an old professor. 3. By getting a position with some company and watching closely the best performers.

J. T. W., Haverhill.—We have no representative in your town. Demand credentials as described at the head of our dramatic summary, and treat all that cannot produce them as impostors.

BROTHERS, Altoona.—Salary ranges from $25 per week upwards, according to merit and reputation. You must furnish all of your own apparatus bars, trapeze, ropes, mat, music etc.

MERCANTILE READER, Cincinnati.—1. As you would have to consult a lawyer in any event, you might as well begin with consulting one. 2. As the other party resides here, you should begin the action here. 3. Should there be no contest, it will cost about $150.

PRIZE RING, Albany.—Bob Brettle beat Coyne, Simmonds, Cobley, Travers and Mace, was beaten by Jones, Hayres and Mace, and drew with Mace and Paddock. Jake Kooke, the latter affair taking place in three rings—Dec. 31, 1861, Jan. 1, 1862, and March 11, 1862.

J. Toledo.—Foe dancing has been known to the American stage for nearly forty years. Oakey, McConnell, Wood, and the others who were among the first to dance in wooden shoes are dead. Of those now living, among the earliest were Sam Sharpley and Fred Wilson.

W. B. L., Philadelphia.—You cannot command any salary until managers have been convinced that you can perform what you describe. After you have made a successful public appearance, then the compensation will depend upon your power to attract.

MEMBERS OF No. 6.—Young Dutch Sam (Aaron Moss) was beaten by Jem Gallagher and Drew in England and defeated Jim McConville and Bennett in America. He was also beaten by Johnny Sweetman, at Point Abino, Canada, $500, 17 rounds, 20min., Nov. 13, 1856.

J. T., Troy.—1. Edwards and Arthur Chambers were never partners in the saloon business. Chambers kept a hostelrie at 217 Bank street, Newark, N. J., in 1873. Can't say as to the location you mention. 2. Right hand.

R. B. W. M., Boston.—It is out on his first call. A good casino-player never stops to count up his cards or his points. At an early stage of the game, when the play is critical, he can tell not only how many he himself has of either, but also how many his opponent has.

W. B., Rockford, Ill.—1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Jenny Weathersby. 4. Address Scott & Co., coin-dealers, Fulton street, this city. 5. Mattie Howard, John Stuart, Trustee, Lady Fulton and Capt. McGowan.

JACK HAWKER, Osage.—The article was not from *The Ledger*, save the three-line death-notice at the bottom. It was followed by another in the succeeding issue of THE CLIPPER.

G. H. E.—He seems not to be performing at present, either here or in England. A letter in care of this paper—or of *The London Era*, if you think he is still in England—will reach him.

E. T. A., Dayton.—Any theatrical costumer can make the dresses for you. We presume anyone can use them, as no suits have ever been commenced for any infringement of the alleged patent.

JUDD'S LOWERY, Milford.—The question was answered last week, the bet being decided a draw, for the reason that the reports of such affairs are not to be depended upon.

H. W., Reading.—The highest hand that can be held in cribbage consists of four twos and a jack, the turn-up being of the same suit as the jack. The number is 29.

ANTHONY.—The rule at poker is to discard, and for the discarded cards to be placed in a pile by themselves in regular order, before anybody is served on the draw.

STETSON.—There was a lady by that name engaged in the Fifth-avenue Theatre some years ago, she played small business. Cannot say what has become of her.

WILL C., Halifax.—The "board" is composed of every player in the game—those who have laid down their hands, as well as those who have played theirs.

C. F. R., Lawrence.—The name of the female Topsy was Abby Hampton, to the best of our recollection. If this does not agree with yours, write again.

SPORTSMAN, Chicago.—The jack counts in both cases, it being understood that there was no misdeal up to the time jack was turned in the second case.

FRANK, Marlborough.—If no one accepts Frank Robinson's challenge to wrestle at from 135 to 145 lbs., he can claim to be cock-of-the-walk at that weight.

W. H. R., Cleveland.—We have inclosed your letter to its address, and advertised it in our post-office department. I will probably reach him

NO SIGNATURE.—There are horses everywhere that can "run one minute and six seconds." You probably mean "a mile" in that time. No.

M. D., Cincinnati.—State the dispute. It would take a half-column of space to give all the rules, and we cannot guess which one you want.

W. R., Boston.—It would prove a drawback unless his talents are of the highest order, so that they would overshadow the deformity.

JOHN FOLEY, Troy.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, to be issued early in January, price 15 cents, will contain full information.

JERSEY CITY.—We would venture to suggest that a book store, such as Harpers' or the Appletons', is the place.

S. C. C., Memphis.—It is printed, and anyone can play it. Send 25 cents to Ed. James and he will send you a copy.

HARRY, Philadelphia.—As you do not give your name or describe your business, it is impossible for us to advise you.

DOC.—Call upon Prof. W. C. McClellan at his rooms on West Thirtieth street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue.

RED ROSE, Memphis.—Two horses of the same color are called a "dead match;" if of different colors, a "across match."

JAMES MCQUADE, Boulder.—Dan Dwyer beat Murty Downey in a turn-up at Springfield, Mass., in September, 1867.

W. F. S., Louisiana.—The game is called "Devil Among the Tailors." Ed. James, whose card see, can probably get one for you.

M. W., North Cohocton.—For any information relative to Van Amburgh & Co.'s show, write to Hyatt Frost, Amenia, N. Y.

CENTAUR, Georgetown.—1. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, and also answer to "W. H. T. Boston," in this issue. 2. The pawn becomes a check at once.

T. T. C., Richmond.—1. Now is a good time to advertise, or any time up to March 1. 2 No. 3. Salary is a matter of special contract. 4. No other way than by advertising your qualifications.

JAKE DRIVER.—The rules of the prize-ring are published only in Ed. James' "Manual of Sporting Rules," price 50 cents. See advertised address.

J. T., Chester.—1. Joseph Jefferson. 2. Jenny Lind. 3. These have reference to engagements only. No answers by mail.

J. W. R., Omaha.—The death of Hattie Hastings in Cuba was announced in our columns some weeks ago. There is no doubt about it.

DECLINED.—"Have Actors Hearts?" "I Love a Little Irish Gal."

A. H., Cheyenne.—It does not possess sufficient interest for the general reader.

S. Q. S., Cooperstown.—We do not give commercial opinions.

FRED, ANDY AND BILLY.—B was right in playing his queen.

G. W. D. E. N. Y.—Address the U. S. Patent Office. About $5 per year.

F. H., Omaha.—A loses the game for having made the pile "seven" when he had no seven.

CONSTANT READER, Ottawa.—We know nothing about them.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Bridgeport.—C was the only one who could go alone.

P. H. JR.—Not knowing the exact character of the organization, we prefer not to do it.

W. M. G. B., Green Bay.—Porter & Coates, Philadelphia publishers.

E. B. L., Somerville.—1, 2. Of course he can. He is not "building" in either case, but is combining.

FANNY WOODS, St. Louis.—We know nothing of them save that they have always dealt honorably with us.

PHILOMELA.—Letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her.

J. T. W., Tuscola.—They were destroyed after card was sent.

C. H. S., Glenville.—A, who ordered up, was the only player who could go alone.

D. P. WATERS, Milwaukee.—1. Thiebaud Bauer's weight is about five pounds. We think not.

D. SCANNELL, Camp Halleck.—B wins. Joe Coburn and Tom Allen were never opponents in the prize ring.

W. H. N., Philadelphia.—There is no reliable work of that kind in print.

UNCLE SAM.—1. High, low, jack, game. 2. Ace is high, and deuce is low.

A. J. B., Baltimore.—It is a joke on the part of the bill-writer. Professionals best understand it.

T. P.—1. He is not necessarily entitled to citizenship. 2. Of course it is a grave.

CONSTANT READER, St. John.—She is now the wife of the gentleman named.

ROSE M., Newark.—We refer you to the files of THE CLIPPER.

F. A. S., St. Louis.—F. De Luisi died in Havana, Cuba, Nov. 1. The other can be addressed in care of this office.

CLIPPER, Jeffersonville.—They are traveling with a combination.

A. H. H., Cambridge.—It is a paper issued by the agents named in that advertisement.

S. S. P., Salem.—1. Edwin Forrest died in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 12, 1872. 2. No.

M. W., Columbus.—Send 25 cents to Ed. James, and he will send you the book.

R. F., Boston.—A jack, three queens, and a king count fifteen, when there is neither nob nor heels.

ROBERT.—Call upon John J. Wiseman at his billiard room, 21 New street, and he will post you.

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ROBERT.—Call upon John J. Wiseman at his billiard room, 21 New street, and he will post you.

CONSTANT READER, Ottawa.—We know nothing about them.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Bridgeport.—C was the only one who could go alone.

P. H. JR.—Not knowing the exact character of the organization, we prefer not to do it.

W. M. G. B., Green Bay.—Porter & Coates, Philadelphia publishers.

E. B. L., Somerville.—1, 2. Of course he can. He is not "building" in either case, but is combining.

FANNY WOODS, St. Louis.—We know nothing of them save that they have always dealt honorably with us.

PHILOMELA.—Letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her.

J. T. W., Tuscola.—They were destroyed after card was sent.

C. H. S., Glenville.—A, who ordered up, was the only player who could go alone.

D. P. WATERS, Milwaukee.—1. Thiebaud Bauer's weight is about five pounds. We think not.

D. SCANNELL, Camp Halleck.—B wins. Joe Coburn and Tom Allen were never opponents in the prize ring.

W. H. N., Philadelphia.—There is no reliable work of that kind in print.

UNCLE SAM.—1. High, low, jack, game. 2. Ace is high, and deuce is low.

A. J. B., Baltimore.—It is a joke on the part of the bill-writer. Professionals best understand it.

T. P.—1. He is not necessarily entitled to citizenship. 2. Of course it is a grave.

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ROBERT.—Call upon John J. Wiseman at his billiard room, 21 New street, and he will post you.

F. H., Omaha.—A loses the game for having made the pile "seven" when he had no seven.

CONSTANT READER, Ottawa.—We know nothing about them.

No SIGNATURE, Boston.—H has lost.

H. A., Boston.—Can play any card.

R. S., Hoboken.—You cannot do it.

E. B. G., Boston.—Out of print.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC

For 1878

Will be Ready Early in January,

and when issued can be obtained of all newsdealers and agents.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

THE ALMANAC FOR 1878 WILL CONTAIN the following interesting sketches and poems:

"THE JESTER'S WIFE, OR TWO INDIVIDUALITIES IN ONE," a most remarkable story, by JAMES WIGHT.

"ALPINE PERFORMERS," a clever descriptive sketch, by CELIA LOGAN.

"AN ODD EPISODE," a circus tragedy, by WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

"GIPSY CON," a pathetic tale of devotion, by MRS. J. W. FOX.

"JUANNA: THE PAINTER'S MODEL," a romantic story, by MNEMOSYNE.

POEMS—"ART," by E. NORMAN GUNNISON, illustrated.

"[illegible]," by TOM HOOD, illustrated.

"THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE," by VANDYKE BROWN, illustrated.

"THE CIRCUS BOY," by L. K. ADAMS, illustrated.

"OCTOBER," by MARC COOK, illustrated.

"TROUT-FISHING," by W. R. BARBER, illustrated.

"MOTHER AND CHILD," a Musical Anecdote, by BARRY ALDEN.

"A FABLE," by J. R. SMITH.

ALSO, ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS OF EXECUTION AND TORTURE, illustrated.

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, illustrated.

THE MERCHANT NAVY OF THE WORLD.

CHESS—A MASTERLY PROBLEM BY HERR H. F. L. MEYER, and a BRILLIANT GAME between JAMES MASON and D. E. DELMAR.

RATES OF POSTAGE, with other valuable information to those using the mails.

STATISTICS OF POPULATION.

CHRONOLOGY OF IMPORTANT EVENTS FOR 1877.

THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY FOR 1877.

SPORTING CHRONOLOGY FOR 1877.

A REVIEW OF THE BASEBALL SEASON, with names of players.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION FOR THE YEAR.

And other departments of general information, with several illustrations of a humorous character.

THE CLIPPER TIME-TABLE

will also be corrected to date. It gives the fastest recorded time in Horse-racing, Trotting, Pacing, Hurdle-racing, Steeplechasing, Rowing, Running, Walking, Snow-shoe Racing, Ice-boating, Swimming, Skating, Bicyle-riding, and by Fire-engines and Hose Companies, Ocean and River Steamers and Locomotives; Records of Jumping, Lifting, the Prize-ring, Ratting, Ball-throwing, Cricket, Billiards, Rifle-shooting, Skittles, Glazing, Trap-shooting, Type-setting, Bricklaying, etc.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Those desiring to insert advertisements in this issue of THE ALMANAC will please bear in mind that copy should be mailed before Dec. 27. See rates in advertisements.

NEWSDEALERS can order their supplies through their wholesale agents.

FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860. 88 and 90 Centre street,
NEW YORK.

"THEY SAY" that he is on the war-path again, and it now turns out that Sitting Bull is an alumnus of a Western College—St. John's, we think it is. Curious isn't it, how they name all their institutions of learning, and eating, and the like, after saints out West? A stranger might get the impression that they were a very pious sort of people, which we all know they are not, except at some of the hotels.] There they are too pie-ous. What we set out to say was, that Sitting Bull is a college graduate—a full-fledged A. B. The intelligent reader will not translate that Able Bull, because that would indicate a lack of intelligence. Unquestionably, Mr. Bull is able, and hence the translation would, in a literal sense, be correct; but the letters usually stand for Bachelor of Arts. That is the degree which his alma mater conferred upon S. Bull. It should be explained, however, that Mr. Bull was the possessor of another name at the time of his appearance on a commencement stage. He was known then, according to his own statement, as Charles Jacobs. Now, whenever anybody sees fit to dispute the advantages of a classical education, let the example of Mr. Bull be cited. Let it be kept constantly before the mind of the unambitious youth that, unless he goes to college, he can never hope to wield a ready tomahawk, nor to take a scalp with neatness and dispatch. The illustrious career of Mr. Charles Jacobs Sitting Bull A. B. demonstrates, with striking clearness, the wisdom of giving boys liberal advantages in the way of education. Without his degree from St. John's, Mr. Bull might never have been worth a Sioux!

AT FIRST, they all blamed it on the worthless boiler, the defects of which had been pointed out to the proprietor of the candy-shop by the knowing ones, *long* ago; the "drunken engineer" was condemned for his recklessness and incompetency, and several well-informed neighbors had foretold the calamity time and time again, just as it happened, through the ignorance of that barbarian of an engineer. When, upon investigation, it was discovered that the boilers were intact, that neither of them had exploded, and that the "incompetent engineer" had faithfully attended to his duty, the informers and knowing ones were suddenly struck dumb, and started for Alaska by the first outgoing train! We told you so!

SOME OF OUR MOST eminent divines, as well as a number of prominent sinners outside of the pale of the Church, are discussing the subject of the existence of a Hell. When they come to a definite decision regarding this alleged place of eternal torment, probably they will settle that other perplexing question: "Shall we know each other there?" We have no wish to interfere with our pious and learned friends; neither do we desire to influence their action one way or another; but, with all due respect, we may suggest that it would be well to refer the whole matter to our New York Board of Aldermen, with power to send for persons and papers.

IN VIEW of the backwardness of the season, we think of getting up a corner in ice! Should there be a scarcity of the congealed fluid next season, let it be remembered that *we* did it.

THE MANIA for ornamenting earthenware and horrid-looking old pottery, now raging here, promises to convert the metropolis into an immense potters' field.

OUR CHRISTMAS SERMON.

In wishing the readers of THE CLIPPER a merry Christmas, which we do in all sincerity, the temptation to indulge in a few seasonable reflections is too strong to be resisted. Indeed, it would be eminently inappropriate to permit this holiday season to pass without editorial notice. Of all the texts upon which sermons may be preached in print, this, certainly, is the most fruitful in suggestions. We therefore mount the pulpit.

Christmas is the one day which the Christian world celebrates in common. Wherever the name of Him who died upon the cross is known, there Christmas is observed. New England's Puritans, it is true, made the day memorable by making it miserable. They prayed themselves into a sort of earthly purgatory. But the years have mellowed men's natures and melted their prejudices. The descendants of the Puritans have agreed that the spirit which best befits the holiday season is one of good-will, and charity, and innocent mirth. So that Christmas has come to be a time of merry-making, of the giving of gifts and the doing of generous deeds. It is the day of of all days dear to childhood. The man who cannot look back to a time when the mere anticipation of Christmas filled him with pleasure; to a time when Santa Claus was as real a personage as Gulliver or Robinson Crusoe; when he hung his stocking at the chimney-place and crept into bed with wonderful visions of jack-knives and skates and sugar-plums filling his mind; when he stole forth at an absurdly early hour in the morning to find the treasures left by his patron saint—the man who cherishes no such memories as these, whatever his station, is to be pitied. And more to be pitied is the child who sees the Christmas come and go, but who knows nothing of the traditions which cluster about the day, and whose life is never brightened by the sunshine of gracious charity. As we write, the shop-windows are filled with toys temptingly displayed for youthful eyes. They have lost their charm for us, but shall we forget how they would have thrilled us once? And after all, have we not gone on through all these years hanging up our stockings and waiting for them to be filled? Not at Christmas alone, but at all times. Waiting for the gifts of One whose bounty surpasses that of the good St. Nicholas, and waiting not in vain. They do not cause us that same intense delight which the jack-knives and skates did of old. We forget, now to be thankful, or we have grown so accustomed to the gifts that we fail to express our gratitude. And yet these are rare gifts which are showered upon us—health and strength, a measure of worldly success, friends and kindred, the possibility of enjoyment in life, and a glorious promise beyond. Are these things so insignificant that they fail to warm our hearts? May we not, at this Christmas time, reflect with profit upon the blessings which are ours—upon that bounty which is limitless as the air and free as the sunshine? Next to the children, Christmas should be made a day of happiness to the poor. Then, if ever, good-will and generous deeds should warm the current of their lives. Would you convert men to the [illegible]-tion of Christ? Do it by showing them that it makes them happier men. Tell them again the beautiful story of the Star of the East, the inn at Bethlehem, the child in the manger. And while they listen to the old, old narrative, emphasize your words by imitating the example of Him whose birth you relate—whose professional follower you are. Forgive Magdalen, bind up the beggar's wounds, rejoice over the prodigal's return. You may not make the blind to see nor the lame to walk, but you may touch the bleeding heart with the soft hand of sympathy and make it whole. The street Arab who blackens your boots cares nothing for tracts or Sunday-schools; but he will comprehend perfectly a religion which manifests itself in a loaf of bread. What meaning has Christmas to those who never taste the blessedness of giving? What is this season of anthems and rejoicings to those who have never learned the pleasure of making others happy? Forget, if need be, the whole decalogue, and throw creeds and theology to the winds; but remember, if you would make the Christmas beautiful, the Golden Rule laid down by Him of Nazareth. It is not in worldly prosperity that the pleasure of the day lies. Christmas may be bright or desolate, as one chooses to make it. The poor man, hanging a branch of evergreen over his fire-place, may cheer his modest home with a sunshine of love. If he can make his children no other gifts, he may show them, at least, the beauty of content. Neither he nor they should be counted destitute while they enjoy love's boundless riches. If the Christmas gift be prized only for its intrinsic value, then the receiver is unfortunate indeed. The grateful heart warms because of the spirit which prompts the gift. It is that which makes the cheap trinket finer than gold, and more precious than diamonds. Remembering this, let everybody give according to his means, and so make the Christmas bright and genial. It will be none the less so because of poverty, if only peace and good-will are in the heart. A game-dinner and costly presents may be the accompaniments of the dreariest day which ever dawned; and so bread and milk, with the rare gift of love, may make a glad household and a merry Christmas.

Thus ends our sermon. We might go on preaching through another column, but in consideration of the festive season we refrain. Besides, we confess to a slight feeling of awkwardness in the pulpit; the surroundings are strange, and—we miss the footlights! Let us linger long enough, however, to express the wish—and this positively shall be our "lastly"—that the holiday season may be in truth a gala time; that good-will to men and peace on earth may reign over all the land; that the jolly St. Nicholas will forget nobody in his annual rounds; and that every reader of THE CLIPPER may enjoy a right merry Christmas and happy New Year.

ON CHRISTMAS-DAY the weather will be favorable, unless the low area now hanging over New Jersey should be driven eastward by a barometric pressure, in which case a change may be looked for: it will be cloudy, with rain indications, or otherwise warm and clear or cold and partly cloudy, with snow in the upper section of the Middle States, or a general prostration of the atmospheric phenomena. Umbrellas will be found useful as sun-screens or rain-shedders. Just mark this prediction!

WOULD IT not be showing a charitable, Christianlike spirit if the United States were to offer to mediate between our *blood* relations in Turkey? Let us endeavor to "prevent the further effusion of human gore!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Dec. 17: More fighting at El Paso.....Boston's literati dined Whittier. The Quaker poet's seventieth birthday. Longfellow and other distinguished fellows present.....Newark clergymen resolved to shut off Sunday beer.....William Thompson tried for murder in Brooklyn. Found not guilty on plea of insanity.....Russell Sage's friends and sworn foes would drink no more.....Cow wrecked coal-train on New Jersey Central Railroad. John Shutt, engineer, killed.....James E. Pannell sentenced to be hanged at Lancaster, Pa.....Edward Ganly killed on the railroad at Trenton, N. J. Released from prison in the morning, he foreibly went on a spree, was passed down in a well owned by Ganly, burying Elijah Warn.....Eight rioters were sentenced at Wilkesbarre, Pa.....Two thousand laborers on the Lachine Canal, Canada, struck..... John Dillon sentenced to eight years at Watertown, N. Y. John killed his father-in-law.....California Democrats in caucus nominated A. T. Farley for U. S. Senator.....City news: Total arrests since the liquor raids began, 1,010; William O'Conner killed by a dummy engine at Canal and West streets; thieves walked off with a pillar of the Gilbert Railroad weighing 2,600 pounds—the weigh of the tranagresser is hard; John Dietrich's leg broken by a Second-avenue car; colored baby-show ordered.....John Riley, young, and Public Administrator Calvin E. McMillan's barn at North Hadley, Mass., with many valuable imported cattle—loss $11,000; the building No. 694 Broadway, this city, slightly damaged.

*** Dec. 23: Terence Brady of Jersey City went home drunk and thrust a jack-knife five times into his wife's skull.....Abundance of coal in Newark and Brooklyn.....Julius Schmidt fell dead while eating his supper in East New York.....James Fry accidentally killed while gunning in Potter County, Pa.....The steamship Bramhall, with munitions of war for the Turks, sailed from New Haven, Ct.....James Mahony knocked down in the street, City of Newark by four men, who wanted to rob him.....City news: President Hayes and wife attended Dr. Tiffany's church in the morning, and Dr. Hall's in the afternoon; Excise-commissioner Owen Murphy was found to have absconded with $50,000 or thereabouts; no cocktails anywhere—side-doors all closed; Philip Baker accidently shot and killed in the Bowery by his friend Richard Peterson; search in the Barclay street ruins continued, but no bodies found; Gustave Krappi attempted suicide with Paris-green, but was resuscitated; Patrick Hogan, aged 70, dropped dead in East Eleventh street; a Baxter-street undertaker's shop burglarized; Milton Cochran, aged nine, died from scalds received by upsetting a kettle of boiling water.....Emma Judson was found hanging by her apron in a Broadway station-house cell. She was cut down in time to save her life.....By cable: The Czar was received at St. Petersburg with a grand ovation; terrible suffering among the Turks on account of the cold; Stanley on his way to England.....Fires: Wright's factory at Fair Haven, Ct., burned by incendiaries —loss $40,000; Thomas W. Fry's dwelling-house at East Greenwich, R. I., the occupants barely escaping with their lives; slight fires in this city on Tenth avenue and East Fiftieth street.....A mad bull in the streets of Portland, Me., knocked down seven persons, fatally injuring the quartermaster of the steamship Thames.

PROPOSED BICYCLE RACE.—We were waited upon one day last week by Prof Miller, the well-known trainer and athlete, who left the appended document for Wm. De Noielle's consideration, the same being backed by money:

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1877.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* Mr. William De Noielle having challenged any one to ride a bicycle-race, I have an unknown whom I will back against him for $-50 a side, distance five miles. I have left $25 forfeit in your safekeeping, and hope that Mr. De Noielle will cover same at his earliest convenience. Articles of agreement can be drawn up and signed at THE CLIPPER office any time Mr. De Noielle may choose to name. The match to take place within four weeks from date. Yours respectfully,

PROF. WILLIAM MILLER.

ROBINSON'S CHALLENGE TO AUSTIN.—Neither W. J. Austin nor anyone else has yet covered the $25 sent to this office more than a month ago by Frank Robinson of Lawrence, Mass., who challenged any man weighing from 125 to 135lb to wrestle in either Graco-Roman or Lancashire (catch-as-catch-can) style, for $500 a side; the match to be decided either in or out of New York City four weeks from signing articles, give or take $25 for choice of location. Robinson now says he'll leave the challenge open for another week, and if no one accepts within that time he will take down the deposit.

WRESTLING—DOANE'S CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—On Dec. 22 we received one hundred dollars from C. R. Walsh of Boston, Mass., who accepts the challenge issued last week by L. A. Doane of Petrolia, Pa., to wrestle, collar-and-elbow holds, for $250 a side, at the latter place.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALMON, Thomas—A veteran of the War of 1812. He was wounded at the battle of Tippecanoe, and for sixty-six years drew a pension—Stewartsville, Ind., Dec. 17, aged 88.

BUSH, Archibald McClure—A well-known graduate of Harvard College, where he was a member of the class of 1871. He excelled in athletic sports, and, during his collegiate course, was captain of the Harvard Baseball Club, which, largely owing to his leadership, was a foremost one in 1870. Mr. Bush was married in September last, and his death occurred while he was on his wedding-tour —Liverpool, Dec. 16.

BALLANTINE, James—The well-known author. He was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, where he was educated, and appointed to execute the stained-glass windows for the House of Lords. Of his books, the best known is "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," published in 1843, and still a favorite in the old country. It is full of odd stories, and contains much interesting information on old Scottish manners and customs. His other books were "The Miller of Deanhaugh," "A Treatise on Stained Glass," an essay on "Ornamental Art as Applicable to Trade and Manufactures," a volume of poems, and another of songs with music, and a "Life of David Roberts, R. A."—Edinburgh, Dec. 18, aged 69.

BURGESS, George D.—Noticed in our issue of Dec. 8, and erroneously printed as dying in Troy, N. Y. Judge Burgess died in Troy, O.

CLARKE, Charles—Chancellor and ex-Governor of Mississippi. He commanded a regiment of Mississippi volunteers in the Mexican War, and served as a Brigadier-general in the Confederate Army. He had been long prominent in the political affairs of his native State—Boliver County, Miss., Dec. 18, aged 66.

COLEMAN, James Beakes—An eminent physician and surgeon of Trenton, N. J. He was widely known, not only in New Jersey, but throughout the country, for his surgical skill. He was born on a farm near Trenton, and his ancestors were of liineal descendants of Revolutionary stock. He began the study of medicine when nineteen years of age, under Dr. Nicholas Belleville, in Trenton, and afterwards attended Yale College. Besides being a surgeon and physician, he was an author, poet, painter and inventor. He was well versed in nearly all branches of literature, and always took a prominent part in matters that concerned the welfare of the community. He had held various positions of honor and trust—Trenton, N. J., Dec. 19, aged 71.

DOW, George C.—A veteran of the late war, in which he served with distinction, obtaining the rank of captain. He was a resident of Newburyport, Mass., but died at the Soldiers' Home in Augusta, Me.—Dec. 19.

DE LAMATER, John—One of the oldest residents of this city. He was of Huguenot origin, and in his boyhood learned the carpenter's trade. Upon reaching his majority he took an active part in local politics, and was elected Alderman from the Ninth Ward in 1832, and Alderman in 1834. Mr. De Lamater was one of the originators of the common school system of this city, and was a school officer for more than fifty years. During the latter years of his life he devoted much time to caring for schools in his district. One of his sisters married into the family of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and hence rumors that the Forte was about to order a fresh set of 300,000 men.....Fire destroyed Copeland & Co.'s shoe-factory at South Braintree, Mass.—loss $50,000.... Mrs. Hooper, the fashionable diamond-thief, fainted in a Brooklyn court-room when sentenced to one year in the Penitentiary.

*\

me the nearest to it as played. Spalding excelled arnes' place in the Chi- ot saying much, as it was hicago infield until Spal- Wright did excellent serv- up to the standard of his All the Cincinnati second- ll played the position fine- went in to play it "up to the fielding ability there never e what he can or cannot do not do. There was but little the first base play of 1877 ally fine play of Start in to. While, Spalding, La- e work in the position. e of 1877 was not up to the xceptionally fine play was n. The cutting off of the e of the difficulties of the ult field hitting ingenious, rely will be made an easier gs, however, be the most ng to first base, and also in ballsonthe fly. Ferguson in his stopping of hard- long throws to first. With uld send in balls which id to any other baseman of the younger school Cincinnati nine. The new mistake in leaving him off League third base players work quietly, honestly and r and Sutton. The latter e did not reach the model id some fine play at times, e position. Of the outside sweasy specially distin- ld Hankinson, the latter cago nine of 1876, strength- ways been weak.

ER CASE.

eports of the League Con- he players' case by the e Board against the decis- Craver, however, states was concerned, as will be

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1877.
CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In he 15th inst. you say that the Louisville Club made That is not so, for I sent cretary of the League, ask- t not the means to go to et be present at the Con- hope you will not be too dealt unjustly with by the lub before the Convention uld allow them to examine mit to anything else in wer. So what am I to do? e stopped from playing the e, but still I must abide by ed me here in Troy to try hey intend to have a good r to play with them. The ted with everything me, but that I had honestly done record for the season shows favorable playing. No man success of a club. I did on. All I ask of you is to t is just and hogorable— W. H. CRAVER.

orth 3d street, Troy, N. Y.

plain and simple. Certain e of the Louisville team r a lengthy explanation of im. During the trial the mission from Craver to ex- cercised during the season, is fact, together with the to prove to them, at least, ir "cooking" work of the d. There was one ex- Craver's work in the old very badly against him, dmission for a professional a well-known patron of was stated at the time resented the assault. patron knew too much, fessional baseball player's as an outlet for evidence, direct proof of guilt. That to be seen, taken together ter say nearly to the personal dered as damning. Mr. n throw some light on the letter. In this connection on of such gentlemen as St. Louis Club, in not re- ormation in regard to the cease; and, having no other alternative, he stopped the box, after fighting 2 hours 33min. Under the circumstances, and to strictly adhere to one of the conditions of the articles, which states that, should the contest be stopped by any unavoidable interference the referee to name time and place of finishing the match as soon as possible, Sexton's decision is that the men must meet this (Wednesday) evening, at the same place, and finish the contest.

JOHNNY DWYER and Mike Smith (an old-timer), Billy Edwards and Dooney Harris, Wm. C. McClellan and Jerry Leary, and a number of others were in Gallery on Thursday evening, Dec. 20. They first pulled trigger for the Rivdenburgh badge, 200 and 50yds., targets being reduced to correspond with the gallery range, 100yds., and each contestant firing ten shots at each, from a standing position. The highest possible score was 100 points, and the result of the competition was as follows: C. E. Blydenburgh, 97; J. B. Blydenburgh, 94; Dr. Dudley, 92; A. J. Howlett, 90; N. B. Thurston, 90; Frederick Alder, 90; J. S. Conlin, 89; C. C. Bruce, 87; N. O'Donnell, 84; C. A. Chesever, 82; S. W. Sibley, 81; A. Wertelle, 75; J. H. Meeker, 73; J. Ward, 73. The next contest was for the Cheever medal, with pistols, distance twelve paces, five shots, string measurement; target the scores were: L. B. Brace, 83-16in.; N. O'Donoghue, 33¼in.; Dr. Dudley, 31¾in.; N. B. Thurston, 48¾in.; C. E. Blydenburgh, 41¼in.; Fred. Alder, 4 5-16in.; A. Wertelle, 3 15-16in.; J. H. Meeker, 3¼in.; S. W. Sibley, 7 9-16in.; A. Wertelle, 7 15-16in.; J. B. Blydenburgh, 12 13-16in.; J. H. Meeker, 16 1-16in.

SEVERAL SWEEPSTAKES SHOOTS took place at Dexter Park, Long Island, Dec. 21. The first was at three balls each, $5 a piece, 25yds. rise, 80yds. fall, 1¼oz. shot, and had eight competitors. Gildersleeve killed all and took first money, the second being divided by the parties in a way. Landcake and Heming, each having killed two birds. The second sweep also had eight contestants, same conditions, and Heming and Broadway killed two and divided. Six men shot in the final sweep, same conditions Zellner and Gildersleeve dividing the money after shooting off a tie on two.

MARKSMEN belonging to the Massachusetts Rifle Association held their contest this year at Walnut Hill, near Boston, Dec. 22. The December badge, 200 yards, seven shots each, was won by J. S. Sumner, with a score of 32 out of a possible 35. H. Tyler scoring 30. L. C. Hubbard 30, and J. Wemyss Jr. 29. Another competition in the "no cleaning" match, 200 and 300 yards, resulted as follows: H. Tyler 34, out of a possible 70; L. L. Hubbard, 31; J. Wemyss Jr. 51; J. S. Sumner, 49.

ING played, with the score of 5 to 1 in favor of Ravens. The Browns are the superiors of the Ravens, and it was somewhat surprising to win a ball from them. The Ravens of 1877 consisted of the following players: J. Klein, J. Archibald, W. Leonard, W. Wirthwine, A. Blair, D. Kreson, C. Tompkins, W. Ukotter, W. Phillips, L. Meyers and S. Beagle. Nearly all the above have signed for next season, and they promise that they will make it hot for any amateur club that may come in their way.

THE RING.

GLOVE-FIGHT FOR THE FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

On Tuesday night, Dec. 11, a fight with gloves, for the feather-weight championship and a £50 cup, took place at the Victoria Skating Rink, London, the principals being Punch Dowsett and Tom Hawkins. Dowsett is twenty-seven years of age, 5ft. 2in., and weighs 10st. He was trained by Steadman, and was in splendid condition. His seconds were Jack Baldock and Tom Tyler, Jack Hicks and Hugh Burns looking after Hawkins, who is 5ft. 2½in. high, twenty-seven years of age, 10¾lbs., and took his breathings under the care of Tom Robinson. He was as fit as could be. *The Sporting Life's* account follows:

The toss for choice of corners having been won by Dowsett, he took the one in front, nearest the spectators, having the light at his back, which was decidedly in advantage. In the first round, after each had feinted, Hawkins led off on the head, and after one or two exchanges both set to work in earnest. Hawkins, however, forced the fighting, and fought his man to the ropes, and after a rare give-and-take rally Dowsett slipped down, the round finishing in Hawkins' favor. In the second round Dowsett got in one of two slights ins, but as the close Hawkins had the best of it, and there were heavy exchanges again in Dowsett's corner, the advantage, if any, being with Hawkins, who used both hands with effect. In the third round, however, Dowsett equalized matters, and the next two were fought without any real attraction, for, although Hawkins got on more repeated occasions, scored most points, Dowsett, who had banished his strength like an astute general, delivered at times with great effect, especially on Hawkins' left eye, which at this point began to close slightly. The next four rounds were fought with as much determination as the preceding ones, Hawkins fighting for the head and Dowsett for the body, and from this point the latter began to be a little more tricky, as whenever Hawkins tried to force him on the ropes he would, by clever dodging, get out of difficulties. So round after round was fought, first one and then the other taking the lead, and up to the 11th round there was little to choose between them. The 16th round, however, was a severe one, for, although both were slow to the call of "Time!" when they did get to work it was real business, Hawkins fighting his opponent all over the ring, and this proved the warmest round fought so far, and the really grand form shown by both men fairly electrified everybody, both standing up and taking punishment in the gamest manner possible, and when time was called, each was returned to their corners, the greatest excitement prevailed. It looked as if such another round or two would soon finish matters, but for the next two or three rounds both were more cautious, and again there was nothing to choose between them. Each showed wonderful science, and Jack was evidently as good as his master, nothing of note occurring until the twenty-seventh round, when a foul was claimed by Dowsett's seconds for his man being struck a blow after the referee had called "Time!" For this, however, Hawkins was decidedly not to blame, as amidst the din and excitement it was impossible for either of the seconds to hear 'Time' called, and the objection was overruled to the satisfaction of all. The twenty-eighth round was most severely contested, and in this Dowsett had a strong lead, so much so that at one moment it looked as if he would defeat his opponent, for Hawkins was decidedly groggy, and he slipped down just as "Time" was called. Dowsett, however, in the next did not follow up his advantage, and they fought on for several more rounds, neither appearing able to bring matters to a close. Still Dowsett now had to force the fighting, and, if anything, right up to the thirty-fifth round he had a little the best of the struggle by clever dodging, but when the latter round was fought, generally out fought him to the ropes, so he dropped into his old tactics again. Hawkins also, by the advice of his seconds, now began leading for the body, and during the thirty-fifth to the forty-first round there was little mischief done; but it was palpable Hawkins was recovering fast, becoming more and more like the beginning of the contest; and again he looked as if he had the turn card in hand. On coming up for the forty-first round, both exhibited astounding strength and agility, and notwithstanding the assault seconds, fought on the defensive. Occasionally they would indulge in a brief rally, but the pace which, up to the middle of the encounter, was maintained with great persistivity, although at this point no material damage had been done, induced the lads to warily watch for an opening, in the hope of administering one of those crushing blows which so suddenly puts an end to hostilities, and, in the vernacular of the Ring is called "knocking a man out." Such an opportunity, however, never presented itself, at the call of "Time" the referee, R. Watson, informed the audience that he had received orders from the proprietor that further business for the night must cease; and, having no other alternative, he stopped the box, after fighting 2 hours 33min. Under the circumstances, and to strictly adhere to one of the conditions of the articles, which states that, should the contest be stopped by any unavoidable interference the referee to name time and place of finishing the match as soon as possible, Sexton's decision is that the men must meet this (Wednesday) evening, at the same place, and finish the contest.

AQUATIC.

SCULLING ON THE THAMES.

Walter Messenger, son of the ex-champion, and William Smith rowed from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, Eng., for £50 a side, Dec. 8. Smith was the first to set his boat going; but Messenger, who had won the toss, and chosen the Fulham side, was soon under weigh, and immediately began to force his way to the front, although Smith had held a momentary lead, the rate of stroke being Smith 42, Messenger 44. This soon carried the latter to the fore, and by the time they had reached the Star and Garter he was more than half a length to the good. It should be remembered that the tide was now running down, and Green brought Messenger well into the Middlesex side, while Smith was plowing away up the centre of the river. At the Bishop's creek a barge lay with her head on shore, and stern projecting right out in the course, when Messenger, who was now a couple of lengths in front, rowed very close to the craft, it seemed almost as if his left-hand scull had just touched the obstruction. Once clear, however, he sculled away in capital style, and it was evident Smith, who had maintained the centre course of the river, was in difficulties, as his stroke became much slower and shorter. At the Point, Green brought his man out to avoid a tug with some barges in tow, and although perhaps it would have been better to have gone inside, it made little difference to Messenger, who pursued the even tenor of his way, and still kept increasing his lead, four lengths now separating them. Soon after this both men made for the Surrey shore, which they did not reach until just before the Ship, when Messenger, son of the ex champion was quite six lengths to the good. From here to Hammersmith Bridge Smith tried all he knew to lessen his opponent's lead, and, although he gained a little, it was evidently only of no importance, for when Messenger passed under Hammersmith Bridge he still led by six lengths. For reasons before stated the time was slow (22m. 5s.), and it was evident Smith was outpaced, as his opponent was skimming along with the greatest ease, while the old one, nothing daunted, labored on heavily in his rear. As they neared Surrey shore Messenger kept well in, while Smith every now and then came out into mid-stream, his left arm having evidently gone, Messenger, however, showing little effort to get further away, and six lengths still separated the boats at Chiswick Church; but shortly after this he put in a few, and reached the Surrey side of the river a good many fully 50 yards in front. It now became an easy matter for the leader, and he rowed the remainder of the distance at his leisure, winning by about ten lengths in 32m. 55s., not being in the least distressed. Smith, however, had had quite enough of it at the finish.

HANLAN CHALLENGES SCHARFF.

Considerable surprise will doubtless be manifested at the issuance of the subjoined challenge from Edward Hanlan of Toronto, Ont., to Billy Scharff, the ex champion sculler, as the public naturally conclude that, should the Canadian send forth a challenge at all, the oarsman to whom it would be directed would be either Evan Morris, the champion of the States, or Charles E. Courtney. That he has chosen to do otherwise, however, is nobody's business but his own, and it certainly cannot be said that in selecting Scharff as an antagonist he is playing a small game, for Billy's past performances stamp him a first-class man, and he is generally looked upon as the champion of Canada. Besides, Hanlan has long been anxious to get a crack at him, having challenged Scharff in March last (when Billy was champion) to row three miles; the latter had just then made a fresh match with Courtney, and declined to sign articles with the Canadian until that was decided; and as the result was contrary to Scharff's anticipations, the subject was not again referred to. The terms offered by Hanlan are fair, and it is to be expected that the Pittsburger will favorably respond, and cover the $500 we now hold.

TORONTO, ONT., Dec. 17, 1877.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Sir:* I hereby challenge William Scharff of Pittsburg, Pa., to row me three miles, straight, with a turn, in best and-best boats, for $1,000 a side. I will row him at Saratoga or Owasco Lake, N. Y., each man saying his own expenses, and the race to be rowed previous to or during the Saratoga regatta, or I will row over the Toronto Bay or such other place in Canada as I may name; or I will row over the Hudson course, near Pittsburg, and the referee to be mutually chosen by the men. The race to take place on or before June 8 next. Inclosed find check for one hundred dollars; and if Mr. Scharff will favor me with a letter addressed to me at this city, saying that *The Sporting Times* office, Toronto, the match can be arranged with out delay. Your obedient servant,

EDWARD HANLAN.

INTERESTING DECISION ON BETTING.

A decision given by the referee in the Philadelphia International Regatta resulted in a suit at law, which has been tried in a Nova Scotia court, to recover a stake which had been lost. The case came up before the court at Halifax recently, and the decision was looked forward to with great interest, as a large number of bets depended upon it, that vicinity had wagered on the race. The stakeholder, a Mr. Muir, was made the defendant in the action, and plaintiff. McKoone, having drawn from him $300 against $400 deposited by one Dawson—the plaintiff having backed the English crew at Philadelphia against the Halifax crew at Halifax, and contended that the Halifax crew were first to the winning-boat but were set back for an alleged foul, and the race and first money awarded to the Englishmen. The defendant refused to pay the payment of the bet hinged. The defense was that the race was fairly won by the Haligonians, and that the decision of the referee, Currie, was unbiased and unprejudiced. The plaintiff contended that the implied, if not positively stated understanding was that the money wagered should follow the main stakes, and, the English crew having won the main stakes, the first money, the stake money should be paid over to him. From the line of defense pursued it would appear that the defendant (who was evidently acting in the interest of the representative of the Halifax crew) endeavored to establish as a point that the wager was made on the race—that is, according to the interpretation of the defense, first past the stakeboat, irrespective of reference to the decision of the referee in the matter. Considerable contradictory evidence was taken on this point especially. The learned Judge, in his charge to the jury, said that everybody admitted on both sides, gave his verdict for the plaintiff for $440, the total amount of the stakes. This legal decision prospectively affects a long line of betting men, and that the ruling of a referee or judges in a sporting event will be respected in our courts of law.

TESTIMONIAL TO HARRY KELLEY.—Some time ago mention was made of the intention of the fellow colonists of Edward A. Trickett to present a solid testimonial to Harry Kelley, as a practical expression of their gratitude for his exertions on behalf of their champion, when the latter visited the land of roast beef to row Sadler. The testimonial arrived from the antipodes recently, and was confided to the keeping of the ex-champion at the office of the agent general of New South Wales, Hon. William Foster, in London. The secretary, Captain Jopp, R. E., having read the letters accompanying the presentation, Mr. Foster presented to Kelley the sum of £125 from the inhabitants of Sydney, an inkstand from the Mayor of the city, James Morrice, Esq., and a framed address, the words on which ran as follows: "I beg your acceptance of the accompanying inkstand as a recognition, on my part, of the very valuable services rendered to our champion sculler, Edward Trickett, during his visit to England last year, and at the same time permit me to remind you that the people of New South Wales will never be unmindful of the great success which attended our representative in his match with the champion of England, a success attributable, in a very large degree, to your excellent guardianship."

A NEW "PAIR."—Ed. Hanlan, the Canadian sculler, has taken unto himself a life partner. The young lady's name was John Sutherland, and the happy event took place at the residence of the bride's parents, in Toronto, Dec. 19. Joy be with them.

WALLACE Ross' backers talk of pitting him against Hanlan again next Spring, provided the latter will row at St. John or Halifax; the stakes to be $1,000 or $2,000 a side.

THE TURF.

DEATH OF FLORA TEMPLE.

On Friday morning, Dec. 21, there expired at Chestnut Hill Stud Farm, near Philadelphia, a horse whose name was once familiar to every schoolboy from Maine to the Golden State, and to whose brilliant career the widespread interest in trotting events manifested by the improvement of trotting stock was largely due. Flora Temple, who, after her long-unequaled performance of trotting a mile in 2:19½, was styled "Queen of the Turf," died at the farm of her owner, Aristides Welch, as above, at 7:30 o'clock, in the thirty-second year of her age. The dead mare was about fifteen hands and a half hands high, color bay, with a smart sprinkling of gray hairs, which showed quite plentifully about the roots of the tail, which was docked short. Flora was foaled near Utica, Oneida County, N. Y., in 1845, and was by One-eyed Hunter, he by Kentucky Hunter, and her dam was fancied to have been the get of an Arabian horse owned in Dutchess County. Flora was the property of Mr. Tracey, who thought so little of her that at the age of four years he disposed of her to Wm. C. Kingdon of Smyrna, Delaware County, for the sum of $18. She was sold as an advance of fifty-five dollars to Kelly and Richardson, and subsequently, after changing hands once or twice, to Johnathan Voles of Washington Heights, New York city, for $175. He sold her to George E. Perrin of New York City for $300. Her first notable contest was with Vanderburgh's gray, for $500 a side, in 1859, the latter to run a 2:30 wagon, the mare going in harness. This match she won easily over the Union Course, Long Island, in three straight heats. On Sept. 5, same year, she trotted over a field of four horses, winning the last three of four heats in 2:35, 2:32 and 2:49. She then passed into the hands of John C. Ten Broeck of George E. Perrin, for $875. In 1861 she met with an accident, and did not appear until 1863, in which year she resumed operations by defeating Philadelphia Sal, and subsequently, Nov. 10, Young Dutchman in 2:40, 2:39 and 2:36. In December following, being then in Hiram Woodruff's hands, she defeated Centreville in 2:40, 2:40 and 2:34, the winning heat being rendered extraordinary by her pulling a wagon weighing 250lb. Her next owner was Mr. Boerum of Williamsburg, L. I., who purchased her for $4,000. On April 23, 1863, she trotted a match race against Black Dutchess, over the old Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, the Philadelphian beating her in 2:25½, 2:30½, and 2:35. May 4 following she beat Lady Brooks in New York, reducing her record to 2:31½. The 17th of the same month she turned the tables on Douglass, beating him in 2:32½, 2:35, and 2:31. It was in 1853 that the ever-memorable race with Tacony took place, Flora winning seven out of eight races between them. She also won over what was considered a fighting mare—Green Mountain Maid. In 1859 Flora lost a twenty-mile race, which she could have won, with some time to spare, but for casting a shoe. Sept. 2, 1856, Flora gained a record of 2:24¾, distancing Tacony, on the Union Course, for $1,000. In 1857 William McDonald of Baltimore, Md., bought her for $8,000, and in the subsequent year won thirteen victories. August 16, 1859, in a race of two-mile heats with Princess, Centreville Course, Flora trotted the first heat in 4:58½, which still remains the best recorded. Temple and Princess afterwards "hippodromed" through the States. She had previously defeated Princess in 2:23½, 2:22 and 2:23¼, the best time on record at the time. Old Sammy Wright, who, for twenty-five years, was the acknowledged professional cricketers departed this life on the morning of Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1877. Old Sammy Wright, who, for twenty-five years, was the acknowledged professional cricketers departed this life on the morning of Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1877. Old Sammy Wright, who, for twenty-five years, was the worthy and esteemed professional of the St. George Cricket Club of this city, having died at the residence of his son, George, near Boston, on the day in question. After an innings in the game of life of sixty-six years duration, during which time he has done honest and veoman service in every duty he was called upon to discharge, the veteran has handed over his other editor who had got ahead of us, and that caused our blood to boil; but we were appeased when we read in an editorial in his paper (Sunday), a description of the appearance of Venus (on Saturday) as given at the commencement of the last act of Thos. Magrath, agent for Chas. McEvoy), requiring me to drop the word HIBERNICA from my bills, and claiming it as a fraudulent infringement upon their "unique" and "original" trade-marks, which they claim in every case) as copyright.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that in the year 1878 I received a letter from A. R. Spofford, Esq., Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C. (the letter being still in my possession), that no such title or titles had ever been registered in the copyright office in the name of Mr. McEvoy or anyone else, and that I then caused the title of

GRAND HIBERNICA

to be copyrighted, together with the title of KITTY O'CONNER (or the original farce, played by the Hibernica Comedy Co., and as the copyright laws distinctly say that no similar title calculated to deceive the public shall be afterwards copyrighted by any other parties, I, therefore, beg leave to give the lie direct to Mr. Magrath's claim to the copyright title of Mr. Chas. McEvoy. It was not copyrighted in 1875. If it has been since, it is a clear infringement of my copyright title, and I shall hold Messrs. Magrath & Mr. Macrath, and all other managers and agents of Irish entertainments, that hereafter I shall pay no attention, either by letter or through the public press, to any favor from acknowledged first-class dancers, as follows:

We, the undersigned, witnessed this late contest between Magrath and Williams, and we give our opinion that Willis Pickert honorably won the dance for style and execution.

GIBSON AND BINNEY, NEIL CONWAY,
BILLY NOONAN, JOHNNY PEASLEY,
BOB SLAVIN.

MR. WILLIAMS.—It is my misfortune at the present time to be ill and confined to my home, but as soon as my health permits me to attend to business I shall make my deposit in THE CLIPPER office. Yours respectfully,

WILLIS PICKERT,
THE EMPIRE BOY.
40-1t CHAMPION CLOG-DANCER OF THE WORLD.

THE OCCULTATION OF VENUS.—On Saturday night, Dec. 8, as we were strolling down Broadway to our hotel, we beheld in the southern heavens the emblem of the Ottoman Empire. Venus, ablaze with light, was seen in close proximity to the moon, and opposite the centre of her crescent. Upon reaching our room and throwing ourselves into a luxurious arm-chair, we lighted our post-prandial cigar, and took up an evening paper, when our eyes fell upon a paragraph that stated "Venus will be occulted by the moon tonight, the first contact occurring about 7:37, and the occultation ending at 7:46." We have seen Venus on the half shell rising from the sea (on the stage); we have gazed upon her lovely forms as typified by the voluptuous Markham in "Ixion;" we have seen her in the naughty opera-bouffe of "La Belle Helene," when the frogeaters called her Vajnoz; we have seen her "sculpt" in marble; and we have seen her painted with no clothes on in numerous art galleries and studios; but we do not remember ever having seen her occulted. What was to be done? Sit in inglorious ease and enjoy our fragrant Havanas and let Venus occult, and we not interview her? Science forbid! Quickly throwing up a window, we observed that she had passed from our view on her westerly travels. Putting on our ulster, our sealskin cap and gloves, mark, we do not say *sealskin gloves*—and leave the cantitiated to *safer* (no, pun intended) that. We editors are always well fixed), we rushed into the street and jumped into a bobtail-car whose terminus is at the Hoboken Ferry at the foot of Christopher street, thinking to overtake the Goddess of Love ere she reached the liquid main. At every avenue we crossed we gazed in vain for her; but on reaching the river's brink we saw her across the water, hovering over Hoboken. Is this to be a Jersey show? we asked ourselves; and then we thought of the Exciter and Bell Telephone, and that Venus was fond of sipping the rosy, and we came to the conclusion she had done right in going over there to "take a horn." Presently the smoke-pipe of a passing steamboat occulted both the moon and Venus, and in their rapid downward course the roofs of neighboring houses obstructed our view. We resolved to waltz out to the end of a neighboring pier; and, as we passed the Cerberus who guards the entrance, and who was then engaged in "discussing" with some patient fellow mortal, he overheard the remark; "There goes another bloated bondholder to commit suicide." Upon reaching our destination, we saw Venus, now a mere speck, flirting and coquetting over the left-hand horn of the moon's crescent. She was looking scarlet, or mayhap she was enraged because pale Luna was about to eclipse her dazzling charms. By-and-bye, the moon assumed a reddish tint, perchance the reflection of the roses on Venus' cheeks; and, as we gazed, both sank behind the hills at the back of Hoboken, and Venus was not for us yet occulted. Sadly we turned our footsteps homeward, and the following morning we learned that there was another

TOO MANY PROTECTORS.—Several children were feeding a pet bear with corn at Austin, Texas. An ear was dropped out of the reach of the bear, and a little girl handed it to him. The bear spitefully pulled off the little girl's arm at the elbow, believing the child in danger, sprang upon the bear. Brulin then carried the child to the further part of the hogshead in which he slept, and returned to fight the dog, under the impression that the dog would hurt the child. A party of colored men tried to protect the child from her own protectors, but the little one did not escape until her mother had killed both bear and dog with a musket.

FURS.—The Hudson's Bay Company ships every year about 120,000 pine marten skins, worth £2 to £3 each; 100,000 fisher skins, of about the same average value; 25,000 mink skins; 520,000 raccoon skins; 60,000 beaver skins; many hundred thousand muskrat skins; 15,000 wolf skins; 17,000 land otter skins, and an immense number of buffalo skins, besides many other varieties of furbearing numbeos. The most valuable is the sea otter, which is worth about $200. The next in value is the fur of the black and silver foxes, which brings $40 to $50 per skin, and of which about 5,500 are exported.

NOTHING SO EXCITES the effete monarchies of Europe as the discovery of a potato-bug. One of these ferocious animals was recently discovered on a four years' passage from Calcutta to Dover, Eng., where the crew of an American vessel had been stopping. Consternation seized the landlord, one waiter was detailed to watch the insect while another ran for the police, a squad of policemen appeared on the spot, they carefully pursued, captured and bottled this dog, and it is now on display in alcohol in the local museum as a monument to commemorate the woes from which the country has escaped.

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Prestidigitation, Second Sight, Miracles, etc. Evening at 8. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. 39-4t

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Last chance to see the grand and glorious features.
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Those who have not been to this season of shows
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Grand extra performances on
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Special Matinees every day during the Holiday Week.
10,000 GLITTERING NOVELTIES
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Admission, 50 and 25 cents. Reserved seats, 75 cents. Children under nine, half-price. 40-1t

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NONE BUT THE BEST NEED APPLY.
N. B.—All artists are hereby notified that
ONE MONTH'S TIME
must certainly elapse previous to their engagements at this theatre and their first appearance in New York City.
All first-class artists are respectfully invited to communicate in regard to dates. 40-1t*

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What the Little Boy Saw.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

WAS Christmas eve, and calm the night.
Young Charley Bruce had gone to bed,
Robed in his gown of spotless white;
Prone on the pillow lay his head.
Then through his brain teemed fancies wild;
But not a thought was born of sorrow.
No; as he sank to rest, the child
Thought only of the blissful morrow.

Young Charley Bruce was last asleep;
Hours passed, and still he slumbered on;
And yet 'twas not a slumber deep—
His dreams were busy with the morn,
That soon would lift the veil of night
And drive its shadows all away;
Then reveled he in visions bright
Of pleasures that should grid the day.
The Christmas feast! the presents too!
Also the sports with comrades gay!
All passed before his mental view—
Thus Charley dreamed the hours away.

Just as the clock was striking ten,
Noises without the dwelling broke
The stillness of the room; and then
The sleeping Charley Bruce awoke.
Slowly he raised up in the bed,
And languidly he rubbed his eyes;
A thought here popped into his head,
And thus did he soliloquize:
"I wonder what's the time of night,
And whether Santa Claus has yet
Been here; I wish it were daylight,
That I might know what I shall get.
How queer it is that Santa Claus
So oddly should his visits pay!
He never enters any doors,
But down the chimneys makes his way.
Perhaps because it is so late
Ere he h s travels can begin,
That he could not afford to wait
Until the folks could let him in.
With many calls to make, he knows
That he has naught of time to spare;
And so he down the chimney goes,
Finding a ready ingress there.
In pictures that I've seen he stands
Upon a roof exposed to view,
His bag of toys grasped in his hand,
And one leg down the chimney-flue.
The way a narrow one must be,
A very dirty one, to boot;
It really seems to me that he
Must get his toys bedaubed with soot.
Of course he knows his business best,
He understands just what to do.
How oddly he is always dressed—
If all I hear of him be true.
At him I surely would like to look;
And yet I know it may not be,
For such a thing he would not brook;
No presents would he leave for me,
If he did know what when he came
I was not in my bed asleep,
And that would be an awful shame.
But stay! could I not get a peep
At the old man? He need not know."
Just then a noise came to his ear,
Ascending from some room below.
"That's Santa Claus in him I hear,"
Quoth Charley Bruce; "I've half a mind
To sneak down stairs; perhaps I may
The bottom door unfastened find.
Now quick! before he gets away."

Young Charley Bruce leased out of bed
To carry out his wild intent,
And stealthily, with cat-like tread,
Towards the stairs he quickly went.

Oh! little thought the folks below
That Charley Bruce no longer slept.
Suspecting naught, how could they know
That down the stairs he softly crept?

His white-robed form they did not see
When he had gained the bottom stair;
Nor for one moment dreamed that he
Was watchful eyes near crouching there.

With watchful eyes, we say, the child
Crouched on the stair. 'Tis truth we tell:
Kind fortune had on Charley smiled,
And caused events to suit him well;
For by some accident the door,
Which he had hoped untouched might be,
Now open stood an inch or more,
Enabling him with ease to see
The sitting-room's snug fireplace,
The stockings, too, suspended there.
As to the crack he held his face,
There were his folks, all unaware
How sharply they were being viewed
By the sly rogue behind the door,
How every word and attitude
The hidden urchin heard and saw.

But what caused Charley Bruce to start,
And stare with widely-opened eyes?
Almost did he with caution part,
By reason of intense surprise
The sudden movement that he made,
The exclamation, scarce restrained,
Almost his whereabouts betrayed,
But undiscovered he remained,
And Charley sat there, bolt upright;
At something in that room he gazed—
What'er it might have been, the sight
Caused Charley to be sore amazed.
Now to the crack his face he bent,
Then rubbed his eyes with wild unrest
While Wonder and astonishment
Upon his features were impressed.

He lingered long, but rose at last,
And turned from that mysterious scene,
Still wondering over what had passed.
He murmured: "What can all that mean?
I cannot make it out at all;
But anyhow I've seen the toys."
Feeling his way up by the wall,
Lest he should slip and make a noise,
Back to his room his way he took,
And soon again was safe in bed.
But still that wild, bewildered look
Showed that within Charley Bruce's head
Upon his pillow lay, his brain
Continued to be greatly tried—
That scene, endeavoring to explain,
Which had the boy so much misled.

Long mused the sorely-puzzled child,
And grappled with each new surmise;
But suddenly the urchin smiled;
Intelligence gleamed in his eyes.
"I have it," quoth our cunning elf.
As drowsiness again stole o'er him—
"Santa Claus could not come himself,
And got papa to do it for him." C. H.

SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME" ("BOSTON TOM, OR THE STORY OF A CONVICT")

CHAPTER I.—CLEAR SKY LAND.

Morning in Clear Sky Land. The sun had crossed the sea all the way over from smoky Liverpool; the rain was beginning when he left that city, to sink into the ocean, making, athwart the turbid sky, murky rainbows bleared by the smoke, which had one foot in Birkenhead and the other over Algburth. He went at his usual pace, having no occasion to hurry, straight across the North Atlantic, regardless of a gale of wind and a storm of driving cloud. They were right in his teeth, too, all the way, so that he never saw, except at brief intervals, any of the great Allan ships on their way from Liverpool to Quebec, facing the wind as boldly as himself, and as resolutely making steady way in the teeth of those great waves which swept at their will adown the open decks. Nor did he see—which was a pity for them—the passengers making themselves as comfortable as circumstances at sea permit in the deck saloon, rolled in wraps, propped up and jammed between table and wall, reading, telling yarns, smoking, chatting about their ship, and praising her good qualities, playing cards, or even singing songs; while outside, the officers, holding on to the ropes that ran along the bulwarks, plashed about in great boots, keeping one eye night and day always fixed on the compass, which hung midmast-high aft, to keep the good ship Polynesian on her right course. Beneath the sun lay an endless gray bank of cloud which never lifted for two thousand miles and more, and beneath the cloud lay a broad gray sea which never brightened, for lack of the sunshine, but kept on rolling aimlessly great gray waves, which sulkily hurled themselves against the bows, and then, having effected nothing, sank down behind the conquering craft, and left their neighbors to make the next attack.

"A good beginning," the sun might have said when he saw Clear Sky Land ahead. But he was not like Jacques Cartier, a newcomer, and had seen the Atlantic every day for a good many years. So that when he reached the Straits of Belleisle, although there the Summer does not begin till August the 31st, and ends on September the 1st, he knew that there were pleasant places beyond, and he went on his way cheerfully.

It was a morning in October, and the sun shone first when foggy Newfoundland was left behind, upon the iron-bound shores of Labrador, with never a wreath of snow to tell to fall of Summer visitors and venturesome fishermen. As he looked up the St. Lawrence he saw to the south the low hills of Gaspe, clothed with pine, at their feet a white house or two. On the opposite side he passed the great island of Anticosti, where for seven months in the year the forty people who live there have nothing to do, nowhere to go, and no one but each other to speak to. The bears came out when the sun shone up the blue waters of the Gulf, and when they had shaken themselves up a bit, and rolled their heads in thought for a quarter of an hour or so, they began leisurely—for bears are never in a hurry—to get through the spruce woods, by paths known only to themselves, down to the beach, where the herring spawn lay thick among the kelp and seaweed. And safe out of the reach of the bears, upon a delightful ledge of rock, the seals flopped up to greet the coming day.

Farther and farther up the mighty St. Lawrence shot the arrows of the rising sun, falling on the high-peaked gables, white walls and shining roofs of the riverside farmhouses; in the woods, where the scarlet hues of the maple mingle with the dark hues of the fir; on the ships that come and go laden with timber, grain and beef for this old country of ours, that seems to devour so much and to send out so little; on islands laden now with purple grapes, as they were when Cartier saw them for the first time, and named them the Islands of Bacchus; on many a quiet, old Canadian church, where the dead are asleep, tle more peaceful now than when they walked in the quiet monotony of their blameless days; on the gloomy portals of the Saguenay and the crashing waters of Montmorenci. When the sun saw Quebec he saluted her: "Hail! Queen of American cities. Take thou the robe of imagery;" and then wrapped her round with a veil of purple, through which her masts and churches, her old citadel and the houses along her crooked and winding streets looked steeped in the light of some magic contrivance, ethereal, wonderful. Then he swiftly went on his way up the broad river; past Montreal, whose royal hill looks down upon the city of a hundred spires; past the rapids; through the Thousand Islands; up to the bright little towns, busy and prosperous, of Lake Ontario and the stately City of Toronto, Queen City of the West; along the Northern Railway, passing through Barrie and the lovely scenery of Lake Simcoe. And then he came at last to the land of Clear Skies.

When, after this long journey, the sun rose upon Clear Sky Land, the creatures in the forest naturally woke up first. There were the squirrel and the chipmonk, who always sleep with one eye open; the marten, an early-riser by deliberate choice; the beaver, always weighed down with responsible work; the minks, who get their work done early, so as to be out of the way of the trapper; the fox, for similar reasons, and with an eye to poultry; the cariboo, who is a light sleeper; and the bear, who is a hungry creature, and takes his breakfast as early as he can get it.

And then the birds woke up—there are not many birds in Clear Sky Land—and began to forage for flies, of which there are plenty. And the flies, who are unsuspicious, and even a confiding folk, woke up and prepared to enjoy themselves in the sun. Those who escaped the birds had a good time all day.

Lastly, the people in the villages and farms got up too, rubbed their eyes, and dressed themselves with more care than usual, because it was the great day of the year—the day of the Agricultural Exhibition. And then cattle lowed, sheep-bells rang, cocks crowed, turkeys gobbled, ducks quacked, donkeys cleared their throats melodiously, and another day began.

It is a land of lakes as well as of clear skies. They lie stretching out loving arms to each other, scattered thick over the face of the country. They are all alike in being wondrous beautiful, and all different in that the loveliness of everyone is distinct and personal, like the loveliness of a woman, but each with the characteristics of her kind. Some are studded with islets, each a rising mound, on which the hemlock and the maple stand side by side with pine and tamarisk. On these islets are the wigwams of Indians; on the shores are their brown children playing; among the waters run in and out, or lie lazily floating, the birch canoes of those of the yellowskins who have yet energy enough left to go fishing. Some are broad sheets of placid water; some are narrow and winding as Windermere; all are fringed with forest, like Grasmere, and all abound in fish. Behind the shore rise the low hills with their woods yet untouched. There a solemn silence reigns, unbroken, save rarely, even by the voice of bird; few settlements have yet been planted in that forest primeval. The pine and the hemlock share the ground with the maple. Clear Sky Land calls aloud for men. Look again at the forest as you glide beneath it in the little country-made steamer. It is late autumn, yet the foliage of the underwood is as bright and as fresh as the foliage of early June in an English wood.

Look deeper, search for the sombre shades of the European forests. There are none. It is the characteristic of a Canadian forest that it is all bright throughout, as if the sun shone quite through the leaves overhead, and the tops of the trees were transparent. It is like a scene of Fairyland. You have never seen any theatrical scene, even at Drury-lane, half so sweet, half so touching in the green brightness of its coloring, as the forest that borders the lake. Once again, the steamer has left the latter, and turned her bows up a river where the trees come down to the edge of the bank. We go very slowly, and, but for the dip of the wheels, silently—on either side the gleaming forest. You think, perhaps, that you have seen nature at her best as a colorist; you have recollections of tropical sunrises, of Italian evenings, of African skies, of Atlantic sunsets; you remember the peaks of the Tyrol, the passes of the Alps—well, own that this forest surpasses all. The underwood is green and bright with a sunshine which must be wholly due to the transparency of the trees above; but the maple-leaves have changed their color and are transformed. They are crimson, they are scarlet, they are ruby-red, they are a deep, rich, golden yellow, they are brown edged with red, they are purple, they are of every hue and tinge that the eye of painter has conceived or the hand of nature executed. And now the sun lifts his head above the opposite bank, and they spring into life and light, like a statute touched by the finger of a god.

The steamer groans and backs and plunges, and finally fetches up alongside of a little wooden pier. All may get out, and let us make the best way we can to Dee Bank, where the exhibition of this year is to be held.

An empty saw-mill, newly built over a stream of rushing water. Beyond the mill a wooden bridge; above the bridge a fall of water over moss-grown boulders—did I explain that it is a land of falls, as well as of clear skies and sunny lakes?—above the fall, forest, labyrinthine, many colored; at right hand, forest; at left hand, forest; before and behind, forest—on every side but one, and on that side is the settlement of Dee Bank. There is a township of half-a-dozen houses; they are frame houses, built of wood, and standing round an irregular sort of Place, the most prominent structure being the school. There is one large meadow wholly cleared, and there are fields beyond where the black stumps are thick upon the ground. There are not many fields, because Dee Bank is a small settlement; there are many stumps because it is a new settlement. No doubt, if we visit Dee Bank again in twenty years, we shall find a population of as many thousands as there are now hundreds. There will be half-a-dozen churches; there will be a daily paper; there will be great hotels. At present this territory is laying the foundations of her future. She has her lakes, her rivers, her falls, her unrivalled beauty; she has already her scanty population of hardy and thrifty yeoman. She is to be the mother of many, and the producer of much. At present it must be owned that the black stumps give the country an unfinished look, as if the people had just moved in, or had been having a universal washing-day, so that they had had no time to tidy up and fix things neat.

The big lumber-mill is turned into an exhibition-house. On the first floor are the exhibits arranged in seemly order, while the judges go round to assign the prizes. There are butter, cheese and bread; there is maple-sugar; there are preserves; there is work in knitting, sewing and spinning; there are vegetables—enormous pumpkins, great wealth of carrots, potatoes and turnips; there are barrels of great tomatoes, things which no Canadian can resist, whether raw or cooked; and there are barrels upon barrels of grain.

The judges go round with anxious faces; this is real business; the land is, as it were, on trial. Shall Red River boast because of her grain? Look here—and there. Saw man ever finer vegetables, bigger pumpkins, more beautiful tomatoes? Can the whole world produce better apples? Go to.

The ladies follow, judging the household work. Not only the land, but the house also, is on its trial. As they go slowly round, making notes, their faces grow more cheerful. In Clear Sky Land, they seem to say, the girls can hold their own against any in the old country. Saw ever a woman a finer pair of knitted socks? Can there be broidery more beautiful and more useful than this child's garment? That is by a Norwegian girl, one of the three hundred who came here a year ago rich in health and vigor, stalwart descendants of the hardy Norsemen, but poor in purse, which matters little in Muskaka. They were waiting about the day after landing, feeling lonely, strange and desolate in the emigrants' quarter, when King Dufferin heard of them and came down and cheered them up—that genial sovereign—by giving them welcome to the Dominion in their own tongue, so that first they all cried and then they all laughed. Give the Norwegian girl the first prize. Very likely she will send the socks to King Dufferin.

Outside, more business. They are judging cattle, horses, pigs, and farming implements. The young men are there, serious and thoughtful, and with them the old. This is no plaything of idle villagers. There are no laborers leaning against posts anxious for beer-time. Everyone is interested, because everyone has a personal stake in the friendly contest. He who is worsted may learn a wrinkle from the conqueror. It is a game of real earnest, in which the last great prize open to all is—fortune and comfort. You may look at the men. There is a Lowlander; he was a shepherd to the Marquis of Very-broad-acres; his ancestors were yeomen of Scotland, but the land has long since gone; he is a hard-headed Scot, with high cheek-bones and a long square chin. Dollars are ringing in that man's pocket already. Yet it is not five years since he came over, a man without a penny; he saved fifty pounds in eighteen months as a farm laborer; he took up a free-grant plot of land; the next year he wrote for his girl to come over to him; and now he is a substantial man. The next man to him is a Somersetshire lad; he brought money over with him—not much, but some. He bought a cleared farm, and he grows beef for the London market. Some day he will be rich. And wherever they came from, whatever they were, they are now hard-handed, hard-headed farmers, who neglect no chance, and spare themselves no toil, catch at every new invention, try every kind of crop, and are determined, since the land of Clear Skies has to be planted, to clear away its fairy forests where the sunshine sleeps in the leaves, so that it shall be changed into the land of Sweet Fields, the garden and glory of the Dominion.

They are not well dressed. Even their best friends will at once admit so much. They wear, indeed, every kind of serviceable garb, except what the Americans call store clothes and stovepipe hats. As for the hats, indeed, all the old hats of all the world—even the old hats from the Jews' quarters in Poland—must surely go out to Muskoka. There is no accounting otherwise for the extreme badness of the hats and their incredible age. Only one young fellow of the whole assemblage can claim to be fairly well roofed. He might pass muster at a meet, so neat, so well dressed in serviceable corduroys, stout boots, and many-pocketed coat, is he. That is John Pomeroy, son of Mrs. Pomeroy, and nephew of Mr. Burdacomb Reeve of Sheridan Town. His is the best buggy, his are the best train of plow-horses, his is the best bull. And it is his mother who gets the first prize for butter.

This young man is four-and-twenty years of age. He is six feet high, and his shoulders are broad and square; his face has not that full-blown rosiness about it which belongs to a healthy young Englishman of his own age; the clear dry hair has toned him down; his cheeks are thinner; his limbs are more slender, but not the less strong. In his hands the heavy Canadian axe is as light as a penknife, and lops off great boughs as a lady would trim a rose-bush. His chest is deep; his voice is deep; he walks as one who has no fear or trouble in his mind; his face has yet the seal of innocence upon it, because he has never seen a town—except once when he went to Toronto, and found himself in that metropolis almost stifled by the houses. His hazel eyes are clear; his step is long and elastic. Happy the women who calls such a lad a son; happier still the girl who calls such a man her lover.

Mr. Stephen Burdacomb, his uncle, is one of the judges. When his nephew's cattle are brought up, he shakes his head, and will not give them any prize, and then the crowd assign him the prize by acclamation. He is a substantial farmer; dollars have accrued to him: and he is very greatly respected, partly because he is successful, partly because he is a man of very, very few words. Nature has given him the faculty of work, which is an invaluable profession by itself, especially in Muskoka; nature has also given him an unerring eye for the points of a cow, the qualities of a pig, and the value of a farm-horse. He knows land intimately, so to speak, and can read off its capabilities as if out of a book. But he has preserved his old rusticity; he looks, walks, and speaks like the small farmer he was in England; and he very seldom speaks, because speech is a trouble to him. Nature denied him the power of expression; she made him, save for the few hundred words required for his farm-life, dumb; and by the time John Pomeroy left school, which was at fifteen, there was nothing about the place that he could not manage as well as any grown man.

It is half-past twelve. There is a general movement, with a universal look of increased seriousness, in the direction of one of the houses in the township. It means Dinner. At this ordinary all dine together, taking turns in batches one after another. There is no distinction of rank to observe—there are no masters and no servants, because all are alike in the land of yeomen. Dinner of roast-beef, with buckleberry-pie and apple-pie; dinner for five hundred men, all true Englishborn, with the extraordinary and amazing fact that there was no beer. Imagine a collection of hungry Englishmen contentedly sitting down to a dinner without beer. Instead they have tea, or milk, or water; but mostly tea. Actually nothing to drink at Dee Bank at all; and not a single enterprising publican to run up a booth, and make men stupid with fiery whiskey and adulterated beer. Not a place within ten miles where a drop of anything can be got. It seems sad to us, dwellers in a foggy climate, but we need not waste our pity. They want in Clear Sky Land neither sympathy nor beer. The sharp and bracing air, the plenty and perfection of their food, the habit, without the pledge, of temperance—all these together make them contented, though they never see wine or whiskey. And for appetites—but watch the guests if you would understand what feeding means. Quick, neat-handed Phillis, another plateful here, as large a slice as the ox can boast; more potatoes—saw one ever mealier ones?—more cabbage and more beans for Tom, who is looking about him with wistful eyes; another square foot or so of fat and lean for Jack; a cubic foot or thereabouts, with a bit of brown corner, for Harry; more tomatoes; more apple-pie, and the sugar this way; huckleberry-pie for ten, if you please; more bread, plenty of bread; more tea for everybody. A great, a Gargantuan feast; and at six o'clock it will be done all over again, for this is a land of plenty, and everybody is always hungry.

We do not talk much during the dinner, because we sit down to eat. After we have eaten we go back and talk more—we talk with the girls, who are here in force, neat and smart—because girls are girls all the world over. We discuss with them the chances of the Winter; what private theatricals we shall have; where we shall get the tobogganing; what sleighing-parties we shall get up; and what dances. For we are fond of amusements in Clear Sky Land, and our favorite amusements are acting and dancing. Summer is work-time, in Winter we play. Then we have the glorious days of sharp, clear frost, with never a breeze to stir the branches in the forest, day after day, week after week, bright, still and cold; when, without, we warm ourselves with farm-work and wood-cutting; and within, the stove keeps all the house, day and night, snug and comfortable. It will soon be upon us, the Winter; already the maples are brightening for one last effulgent burst of color before they drop their leaves, and then the snow will come and the leaves will fall. Already the first detachment of lumberers from the Montmorenci Works are making their way north, laughing and singing, carrying as they go the long-handled Canadian axe, talking their queer old seventeenth-century French, the tongue of La Fontaine, unmixed by any modern argot.

Towards the afternoon the stir and bustle grow quieter. The last prizes have been adjudged, the last animal has been walked round for inspection. There is already the beginning of the homeward move; carts, buckboards, buggies and all kinds of wonderful vehicles are brought out; horses are harnessed, and party after party driven away, until Dee Bank is left in its wonted solitude, and the half-dozen folk who live there always can begin to talk of the wonderful day they have had. North, east, south and west the people plunge into the long lanes of greenery and disappear. Every opening where blackened stumps show a settlement takes one of the carriages of the rough and uneven road; presently they cease to pass, and the squirrel and chipmonk begin again to run races along the silent path.

You will see no such gathering as this in the old country. These are the pioneers of a great future. Look at them with respect. These gray and grizzled men, with the steadfast eyes and grave faces, are those who have wrested the fruits of the earth from jealous nature, who wanted to keep all the place for her beautiful maples. This exhibition at Dee Bank, poor as it would seem at Islington, represents the result of fifteen years' toil. Remember that these men have inherited nothing and created everything. They came to the forest, axe in hand, to plant themselves among the tangled underwood, each in his place. They have cut down the trees, planted, sowed, reaped; cut down more trees; built houses, churches and schools; made roads and founded cities. These sacks of golden grain, these splendid fruits, this generous wealth of vegetables and flowers and garden growth—it is all absolutely the work of their own hands. Thereis something touching in such simple pride as that of a settler first in such work. He must be a real man who has made such a home for himself, where before him was only a home for the she-bear and her cubs.

The last to go are Stephen Burdacomb and John Pomeroy. Without speaking, the older man steps into his nephew's light American buggy.

"Coming home with me, uncle?" says John.

"Aye, lad," he replies slowly. Then he takes the straw out of his mouth, and, as if making a real plunge into action, throws it away. "She wrote to me," he began.

"Aye! my mother?"

"And she said that she hev a thing to say to you." Here he stopped, and thought much harder than he had thought before in all his life. It was an effort to find expression, not a struggle after facts. "It's been bore in upon me lately—last Sunday it was bore in upon me that—that massive, as you'd say if was a barrel of potatoes, in church, too. So when she said that she hev a thing to say to you, and when I knew what that thing must surely be, I said to my old woman—I up and said, after dinner on Sunday morning—'I stand by Mary through-out.' If Mary tells the boy, I must be there too for to stand by her. John Pomeroy,' I said—meanin' you, my lad, and no other—'he's a fine boy and well grown, and never said nor done other than what is right. But he don't know this, and when he does know it I must be there to stand by Mary. Blood,' I says to my old woman, 'is thicker than water. She's the only sister I've got, and I'm bound to stand by her.'"

John Pomeroy listened to this speech, which, what with the depth of the ruts and the height of the boulders, and occasional gaps in the corduroy road, was much interrupted, as the speaker, clutching to the back of the seat, was shaken and bumped about.

"Got a thing to say, uncle?" he replied calmly, for the announcement affected him but slightly. Young men like John Pomeroy are not always nervously expecting something bad to happen; and, besides, he knew his uncle's ponderous manner of speech, and the solemn introduction of the subject did not at all alarm him.

"Got a thing to say, uncle? Very well, I shall be very glad to hear anything that you and my mother have got to tell me. I say, uncle, she will be real astonished at the aged bull's prize. Well, the place isn't Bow-park, that is quite certain; but if they've got finer cattle anywhere else—except Bow-park—than ours, I'd like to get up early in the morning and go and visit that place. Hallo! Hold up, uncle. I'll mend this road to-morrow. That was a deep one. Here we are."

A homestead in Clear Sky Land. A farmhouse and a farmyard. The house is built of wood, like many other Canadian houses, and it is painted white, with green jalousies. It is a house of two stories, with high-pitched roof, which is more the fashion in the province of Quebec than in Ontario. There is a flower-garden and a kitchen-garden; there is a lawn in front, not quite so trim as a lawn would be in England; behind the garden is the forest; and on either side of the house stretch the acres that this stalwart young fellow, now unhitching his horse, has cleared of trees, save their stumps; has ploughed, sowed, and reaped nearly all with his own hands.

A lady comes to the door at sound of the voices. Her hands are rough with work; her dress is homely; but her face has upon it the seal that belongs to a gentlewoman. Her brother, Stephen Burdacomb, is of the earth, a son of the soil; she, like him in face, is spiritualized, as one who has thoughts above the soil. She touches her son upon the arm, and looks up in his face with a little smile, as if contentment were upon her when she saw him come home again.

"Supper is ready, John. Come in, Stephen; come in, both of you."

More beefsteaks and tomato-sauce; more apple-pie, hot cakes and rolls; more tea.

After supper John Pomeroy made up the stove, gave his uncle a pipe and sat down beside his mother.

"Now, mother, you've got something to tell me."

She began to tremble violently.

Quoth Stephen Burdacomb:

"Me to stand by you always. Let the lad know."

"Four-and-twenty years ago," Mrs. Pomeroy began—"four-and-twenty long years ago, when you were only a month old, John dear, we sailed from Liverpool for this country—Stephen and your Aunt Esther and their two daughters and I, and you in my arms."

"Yes, mother, I know."

"We told the people in the boat, and we told the people when we landed, that I was a widow. But I was not, my son—oh! I was not, and I am not now."

"What do you mean, mother?"

The young man's face hardened a little, and she shrank for a moment.

"Easy, lad," said Stephen. "Let her say it out."

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER

BY SOPHIA P. SNOW.

Republished by Request.

'Twas the eve before Christmas. "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs;
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven—
Instead of eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He told them he thought this delusion a sin—
No such person as "Santa Claus" ever had been—
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep
As he whispered: "Dear Annie, is oo' fas' aseep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies;
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now, we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And maybe she asked Him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why can't we pay dest as mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped closed to each breast.
Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for will surely receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen.'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and mamma too, I pray,
That Santa Claus loves us much as does he:
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear Brother Willie and Annie. "Amen."
"Please, Desus, et Santa Claus turn down oo' tag to-night,
And bing us some presents before it is light;
I want he should div me a nice little sed,
With bright shinin unners, and painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy
Amen, and den, Deesus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumbers, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Right, round the little forms the soft moonbeams fell
'Ere the father had thought of his children again:
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent.
For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.:
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
And, just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nurs'ry was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine-tree
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had pray'd;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red;"
There were balls, dogs and horses, to please and amuse,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
He thought for his troub e he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear:
"I'm happier now than I've been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before—
What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit me Christmas-eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, tripping down-stairs, he retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright orb of day
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And, at the same moment, the presents espied;
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What treasure old Santa Claus brought in the night
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light.
"And now," added Annie in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' papa, I know!"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That if papa and mamma, so long since dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that G d up in heaven had answered her prayer.
Then we got up and prayed just as well as we could,
And Dod answered our prayers: now, wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf;
I'would be cruel to tell him I did it myself."
Blind father! Who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who made you steal softly upstairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

"We had quarreled, my husband and I," she went on: "what we quarreled about does not matter. I have tried all these years to persuade myself that it was my fault; but I cannot, John, I cannot. We quarreled so badly that we separated—only for a time, I thought. But he came after me a week later, and he said the most cruel, the most unfounded, the most wicked things." Here she broke down.

"Stand by your mother, boy," murmured Stephen.

"And I told him nothing, nothing should ever bring me back to his roof again. I left him. I went home to Stephen. I heard nothing more from my husband, and six months later you were born. And then we came away. He never knew, he does not know now, that he has a son. He does not know that he has a wife living. He has lived alone ever since I left him, and I know not whether he repents, or whether he has hardened his heart."

John laid his hand upon hers.

"It is for your own sake, John, that I have told you the story. Tell me, my dear, that you believe in your mother's innocence."

"Elseways," said Stephen, "there is no good in having a mother, and you'd best ha' been born without."

John did not answer, at first, but he pressed her hand.

"I must try as well," he said, after a pause, to forgive my father."

"The time is come," she said, "when you must cross over and tell him. He has left the old place, and is living now in London, and he is reputed to be wealthy. In your own interests, you ought to see him."

"I do not want his money," said John hotly.

"And it is your duty, my son. I shall give you papers sent to me six or seven years ago, which will establish in his mind the fact that he was made dupe, by a wicked man, of his own suspicions. You will give them to him when you tell him who you are."

John got up and walked about the room. They were all silent for a space. Then he said, as if his mind was made up:

"And how am I to introduce myself?"

"I have thought of that, John. You will go under an assumed name; you will take a letter to my old friend Eli Ramsden, which will tell him exactly who you are. It is from him that I hear once or twice a year about my husband. He will talk to you, and you must make out a plan."

"When am I to go?" asked John.

"You ought to go at once—in a few days. You can be best spared during the Winter, and you will come back to your mother in the Spring, or as soon as you can. Promise me that, my son."

"Yes, mother, I promise."

She was silent for a while.

Then she began to talk to her brother.

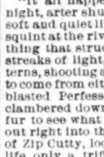
"He will go and see the old farm-house, Stephen; the dear old farm-house at Moulsey Priors, with the sun-dial and the ivy; and the church where all the Burdacombs lie buried, and the river, and the orchards. Oh, Stephen, Stephen, shall we ever, you and I, go over again to the old country?" Because, you see, even in Clear Sky Land, there are times when the memory of England flies to the heart, and drags the mind, as with ropes, to sweet and sad reminiscences of days gone by, which seem to have been, but were not, always happy. "And I wonder what he is like now—after so many years—my poor husband."

That is happy which is past. Poor Mrs. Pomeroy looked back upon the brief days of her wedded life with an irascible, suspicious and exacting husband, as if they had been lit up by a perpetual honeymoon. She tortured herself, sometimes, to find reasons for the cruel speech and the bitter insults which her husband heaped upon her head. Always her heart was flying back to the man who had injured her; always she regretted her flight and her silence; always she fancied that, if she had remained, her husband would have softened, and she would have forgiven—oh! how readily—and all would have been happy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BOXER'S GHOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY N. D. URNER.



OLD BILL RUBY was an ex-prize-fighter and retired sport, who kept a snug little country-tavern called "The Rest," not a hundred miles from Baltimore, which was a favorite training-ground for professional aspirants for fistic, rowing, running, and palestrian honors. Inasmuch as old Bill also kept a good cook, and his place was somewhat famous for its game and fish suppers, it was, moreover, much in vogue among the upper-crust sporting fraternity of the neighboring city, and had long, indeed, chiefly owing to its proprietor's popularity, been one of the interesting features of the quiet, river-fronting, country side in which it was situated.

When, therefore, it became generally known that Old Bill Ruby had not only seen, but fought with the ghost of old Zip Cutty, the Pittstown Pounder—a recently reported defunct bruiser, between whom and Old Bill the bitterest rivalry, professional and private, had existed in days gone by—there was unwonted excitement among the loungers and frequenters of "The Rest," and even a number of gentlemen drove down from the city to investigate.

"It all happened jist so," said Old Bill. "Last night, arter shuttin' up the bar, everything was so soft and quiet like outside that I went out to take a squint at the moon, as I often do, when the first thing that struck me as sing'lar was two bright streaks of light, sich as come from lime-light lanterns, shooting along the sandy shore, and 'pearing to come from either side the cliff on which that 'ere blasted Perfessor's fancy cottage is located. I clambered down the bank, and went up the sands to see what was up, for there is no beach there to form a corresponding mirror directly opposite. My lime-light lanterns, which are concealed in the vine-wreathed crevices of the cliff yonder, upon which my house is built, furnish the necessary illuminating rays, which, refracted by the opposing mirrors, converge and meet on you spot, where the shadow was thrown, as I took place; while Zip Cutty here, dancing and attitudinizing against the interior mirror here, produced the shadow, or phantom, that was projected into the charmed circle; only the second time I permitted him to appear in his own proper materiality, in order that he might renew his acquaintance with his old-time antagonist, Bill Ruby, in the flesh."

A shout of general laughter greeted this explanation, and everyone was in the best of humor except Old Bill Ruby, who began to growl and shake his head.

"Nonsense!" cried the Professor. "You've won such glory in braving the supernatural, Bill, that you can afford to forget the slight punishment you have received. Shake hands with Zip—whose death was falsely reported a few days ago—and we'll all adjourn to "The Rest," to make a night of it at my expense."

"Ough, ough! enough to forget all grudges, and the general sentiment was in favor of the jocose Professor's proposition; so Bill gave in and shook hands, and the result was a rousing celebration at "The Rest," in the neighborhood of which the story of "THE BOXER'S GHOST" is still one of the standing features of all entertainments.

JOHN NUGEE IN JAPAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. O. ASTEN.

The good ship Horatio had been lying in the harbor of Yokohama about a fortnight, when the first and second officers and myself were invited by the comprador (the one who attends to the victualing of the vessel while in port) to accompany him and "have a night of it

ed girls, smiling, laugh-
at a great rate. Nothing
, no exposure, no libiddin-
"out of line" whatever.
gly cheerful and happy
ssantly.
for a time, all eyes and
these houses, and, after
was arranged that, for a
ollars, John Nugee in all
seance for our pleasure
epred; and, as those who
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hree of the *samples* we had
e. They were led by an
y-skinned dame with
ckened teeth. The girls
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It was soon understood
uld materialize we were
symposium, this being
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were to be offered. All I
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handed over to me; and
I cared but little that
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. V. B. held the position
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. Soon from the inner
noise of frying; steams
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smelling; and the usual
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y ears.
I hear? Thud! thud!
sound of the glittering
blade of the chopping-
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ing the loud-resounding
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ft so far behind my high-
daring the Spirit of the
be pursued by the hash-
converse seasons 'neath
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mystery? Forbid it, ye
I had been dreaming of
b—"spiced dainties from
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, no forks, no napkins,
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with two bamboo sticks
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to touch any food or to
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to everything. In short,
feed ourselves. This is
Japanese etiquette. A
large bowl containing—
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, was not so bad. Fish
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could have passed for a
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afresh, repeating parts
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she would repeat a re-
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with her "tum-i-um-
irls had been joined
king the number four.
opposite another, and
rists launched boldly

he see why the exhibi-
called "John Nugee."
rrelevancy. The per-
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is some corruption of
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subdued—a sort of in-
en they sing. Their
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he peculiar part of it.
heir heads, slapping
striking their knees,
, and hit their palms
m in all sorts of com-
d this continual strik-
a peculiar noise, hav-
the pleasant sound-
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melody. Their hand-
so much as chicken
ly much more so.
palms of their part-
her to fulfil what
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the Japanese is the
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hiegmatic Dutchman
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ing, commencing at
their waist. At this
the young ladies
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, how they *did* sing,
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d follow in perfect
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e or an immense
sort of a weapon.
e. It looked as if
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ounces, and, as it
s coin value was

"TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

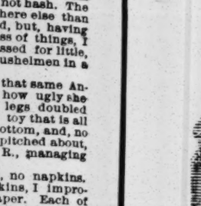
[REPUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long Winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew, in a moment, it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And, laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

"JANIE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY MRS. J. W. FOX.



You would have thought her but a slip of a girl to have noted only the quick, light step and slim figure passing swiftly through the busy, darkening streets. One could see she had some purpose in her mind too, quite unlike those of the crowd who hung about the corners, and loitered at shop-windows with a miserable air of having no home at all, or the wretched consciousness they were not wanted in the dreadful place that stood to them as home. The cold wind and sleety rain turned one's thoughts involuntarily to cosy firesides, comfortable suppers, warm dressing-gowns, and a luxurious meditative pipe, with the worries and cares of the business day laid entirely aside.

The pavements were slippery pitfalls for the unwary, but Janie's step was light and sure, and she held on her way, half smiling, because of her happy, innocent thoughts, till she became aware of an obstruction in her path, of small red hands clinging to her skirts, and of a child's voice asking piteously:

"Please, ma'am, do you know where my papa is? No one will tell me. Won't you take me to him?"

Janie's gentle heart melted as she looked down at her questioner—a little girl some four years old—for the dark bright eyes were full of tears, the little hands red and stiff with cold, the scanty frock soaked with rain, and the pretty curly hair fell wet and tangled about the little face and pitcous, trembling lips.

"Please take me to papa!" entreated the little one, and Janie asked gently:

"Where do you live, my pet, and what is your name?"

"Over there somewhere," answered the waif, with a vague sweep of the hand towards the housetops: "away over there, up ever so many stairs, where it's dark and ugly, and papa calls me 'Little Jen.'"

"Over there somewhere." A vague direction for New York, truly, and the child knew neither street nor number, and persisted in declaring she had no name but "Little Jen, papa's Little Jen."

"Come with me, darling, till to-morrow," said Janie, "and then we will try and find papa. Will you come?"

And the child, looking into Janie's honest eyes, nodded in assent, yet added plaintively:

"But I know papa will want his Little Jen."

So Janie gathered the half-frozen child in her loving arms, and hurried to her modest home—only an attic, to be sure, but neat and pure as her own soul. She was only a seamstress, this Janie of mine, but she lived her simple, earnest life bravely, doing what came to her hand with a hearty will that won her friends and helpers. Cheerful and content too, though for her storms had arisen and deep waters rolled in the girlhood that was gone. She loved bright and pretty things, and the little wanderer half forgot her sorrow in the contemplation of Janie's bird and flowers, and the ardent embraces bestowed on a pet kitten that nestled in her lap, while Janie lighted her fire and cooked her bit of supper, to which meal came Little Jen, sweet and rosy, and holding the kitten in a suffocating hug, and sharing with it her bread and milk.

Janie was five-and-twenty, but her heart was as young as when she lived in her quiet country home, made butter and cheese, and "kept company" with Tom Kent, the favorite of all the country side. Tom's dark eyes were the handsomest and dearest to all the world to Janie, and she revelled in her love, and built her castles in Spain, as all of us do, rich and poor, gentle and simple, when the glamour of youth is over us. It was an evil day for Janie when the Squire's pretty niece came to visit him, and was nothing loth to have the handsome young farmer in her train. The world holds every one, but the heart just once;" and so my Janie, who was a proud little woman, kept her pain to herself, and said naught but words of cheer and congratulation when handsome Tom told her how the Squire's pretty niece smiled on him at last, and when he came, flushed and happy, to tell her of his engagement, she choked down her heart, and earnestly wished him joy, and gave him her honest little hand on it; and then, alone in her own room, laid her dead hopes in their grave, and no one ever knew. Time went on, and a spendthrift brother wasted the means the old couple had toiled for, and when by-and-bye they were laid heartbroken to their rest, and the homestead was sold, it was found there was nothing for Janie to look her shrinkful hands in the city, where, after a weary while, she found work, and by reason of her simple life and untiring industry she prospered, and for a year or two had smiled happily.

This Janie of the woman who now sat looking thoughtfully across the table at the sweet child-face opposite. Janie's heart was full of love, she longed for someone upon whom to lavish it, and she was wishing she might keep this little one; but she knew she must leave word at the different stations, and then someone would claim her, someone would take from her this flower dropped into her life. She was someone's darling, and Janie's heart ached for the sorrowing parents. The little one's story was simple enough:

"Papa went away, and stayed and stayed so long, and I was afraid in the dark, and I went to find him, and I couldn't, and I'm glad you got me, anyway."

That was all the child could tell; so in the morning Janie left her description at the various stations, and her address, and examined the papers carefully; but she seemed destined to keep her "find." No one claimed her, no one advertised for a lost child. So Janie hugged her close and loved her well, and in time the child grew satisfied—only occasionally she would grieve and cry:

"Poor papa! he'll want his Little Jen."

So Time went on (when does he stand still?), the Summer came and went, the Autumn winds blew loud, and the merry Christmas-days came on. Everything was well with Janie and her pretty child, and a wonderful red stocking was already selected and laid away, to be hung at the chimney-corner. Christmas-eve came, cold, clear and sparkling—cheerful bustle and a happy hurry everywhere. Janie and Jen were out for a holiday walk, the little one pleased and happy, and Janie almost a child herself in her sympathy with the child-heart. They had just turned from a gay window, when Jen, with a wild cry: "Papa, O papa!" tore her hand from Janie's hold, and rushed into the embrace of a tall man, who in an instant's time was down in the crisp snow, kissing, caressing and crying over her.

Janie stared aghast, and her faithful heart stood still. How well she knew those dark, bright eyes, those curly locks, that familiar voice! Tom Kent. But oh, what a wreck! Pale, hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, and a hopeless cripple, an arm and leg gone, and the once stalwart figure wasted to a shadow.

"Tom," she said gently, all the pity and love in her heart shining in her honest eyes—"Tom, don't you know me?"

He looked up with a wan smile.

"Is it you, Little Janie? I have found her, you see, at last—my Little Jen, all I have. I thought she was gone from me forever, like all else. I'm only a poor, broken thing now, Janie."

Not one word more did Janie say, but the sick man obeyed her light touch, and followed her to her own little home, where, with trembling, gentle hands, she ministered to his wants, and when he had fallen into an exhausted slumber she took the wondering child in her arms and wept tears of pure joy that she had saved to him his one lamb—his Little Jen.

Poor Tom! His story was short and sad.

"She never loved me, Janie," he said quietly. "She wasted my means and tried to break my heart, and—and—she ran away with her lover, and she has died since. But she was not wholly bad—she left me Little Jen."

"Poor Tom!" and Janie's light touch fell tenderly on the pale hand lying on the coverlid.

"So, a ruined man, I came to the city, and I went from bad to worse, till I was glad of any work, for sharp want clutched me. I found work on the docks unloading the great vessels, till one day some ropes broke, and I was struck down by falling timbers, and crushed almost out of life. Better, ah! better, had it been quite out of life. So, for weary months I lay in the hospital, unable to speak or move, till three weeks ago, when I was discharged; but I couldn't find my little Jen, and I was going mad, for the river kept calling, calling, all day, all night. Ah! curse the false heart ——"

"Hush, Tom! poor Tom! She was your wife."

"You are right, Janie," very humbly. "She is gone—let her sins lie with her; but, oh, I had not been blind—when I had a good right arm——"

Then fell a long silence, and the man's eyes turned hungrily to the downcast face. Then very softly:

"Need that make any difference now, Tom? I have both my arms, and Little Jen loves me, I think."

The white face flushed, the man's voice grew eager, tremulous.

"Don't jest, Janie—don't torture a poor cripple like me! You would not—you could not—marry me?"

"I will marry you to-morrow, Tom," she answered simply; "I have loved you all my life."

So, when the merry Christmas-bells were ringing, there was a quiet wedding, and Tom Kent felt in his heart there was indeed "peace on earth, good will to men," in the day that gave him "JANIE."

HANDSOME WILL MOUNTFORD.

COMPILED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAMES WIGHT.

To the actor, as well as the public that patronizes him, a peculiar halo of romance lingers around the British stage a century or so after its great master had been called away; when Colly Cibber was the Boucicault of his day, and when Mrs. Bracegirdle, Anne Oldfield, and Betterton adorned the boards of Drury-lane. In many respects it was a lawless and peculiar age. The forcible abduction of ladies, professional or otherwise, was not uncommon. Sometimes it was beauty and wit, sometimes it was money, that formed the provocative for the prodigals of the period. By several statutes it was felony, without benefit of clergy, either for principals or procurers, aiders or abettors. The old law-books are crowded with instances of the act of *raptus*, to which in some instances no absolute infamy was attached.

In the days when "The Rival Queens" charmed the London playgoers, when Mrs. Bracegirdle played Roxana and Mrs. Oldfield Statira, Will Mountford essayed, in the role of Alexander, to emulate the eruptive fire and billowy smoke of Betterton, who had created the part. Charles Reade, in his "Art, a Dramatic Tale," has given a highly imaginative description of the contest of the rival actresses, in which he awards the palm to Oldfield; but the Alexander of the piece has been permitted by him and most other litterateurs to sink into an unmerited oblivion, albeit poor Will lost his life in his too fervent devotion to Mrs. Bracegirdle. Even when all available stage annals are searched, but sparse particulars respecting this once fascinating scapegrace are available. Such, however, as the present writer has been enabled to collate are herewith presented to the reader, as illustrating a peculiar phase of the deeply interesting history of the mimic world behind the footlights.

"Handsome Will," says Dr. Doran, "was the efficient representative of fops who did not forget that they were gentlemen. So graceful, so ardent, so winning as a lover, actresses enjoyed the sight of his pleading at their feet." In the younger tragic characters he was equally effective. His powers of mimicry won for him the not too valuable patronage of Judge Jeffries, to gratify whom, and the Lord Mayor and minor city magnates, Mountford pleaded before them a feigned cause, in which, says Jacobs, "he aped all the great lawyers of the age in their tone of voice and in the action and gesture of body, to the delight of his hearers. On the stage, we are told, he was one of the most natural of actors, and even Queen Mary was constrained to allow that, disgusted as she was with Mrs. Behn's "Rover," she could not but admire the grace, ease, intelligence and genius of Mountford, who played the dissolute hero, sang as well as he spoke, and danced with stately dignity. But poor Will, the inimitable original of Sir Courtly Nice, was only the hero of a brief hour, having been murdered, as already hinted, by two of the most consummate scoundrels of the order of gentlemen that ever disgraced their vaunted "blue blood." Charles, Lord Mohun, Baron Pakhampton, had, a few years previous to the occurrence about to be related, been tried with the Earl of Warwick for a murderous affray out of a coffee-house brawl. On being acquitted by the House of Lords, he solemnly promised, on his word of honor, never to get into such a difficulty again. But one Captain Richard Hill, like a thousand other young men of fashion, being madly in love with "that notorious-looking Bracegirdle," who heartily despised him, wanted a villain's assistance in carrying her off, and readily found the man and the necessary assistance in Lord Mohun. In Buckingham Court, off the Strand, where the Captain lodged, the conspirators laid their plans. Ascertaining that the renowned actress, with her mother and brother, was to sup on a certain evening at the house of a friend, Mr. Page, Princes street, Drury lane, they hired six soldiers—hirelings then always to be had for such work—to assist in seizing her and carrying her off in a carriage stationed near Mr. Page's house. About ten at night, on the 9th of December, 1692, the attempt was made. The abductors and their tools rushed noiselessly upon the fair quarry, and instantly clasped her in their arms. But the lady's echoing screams, the brother's courageous resistance, and the rapid gathering of an excited mob conspired to foil the abductors. Then a parley was held, and a most extraordinary compromise effected, whereby Lord Mohun and Captain Hill were allowed to join in escorting the beautiful actress home to her residence in Howard street, Strand.

In Howard street likewise lived Will Mountford, of whom the Captain was madly jealous, and whom he now threatened, in Mrs. Bracegirdle's hearing, to kill. Finding that both the gentlemen rascals remained in the street, the actress sent word to Mrs. Mountford to warn her husband to look to his safety. Will was from home, and there were most probably reasons why his wife spurned the officiousness of the fascinating actress, although she affected to be a paragon of all the virtues. However this may be, Will came round from Norfolk street, saluted Lord Mohun, who, in accordance with the fashion of the times, embraced him in return; and then the actor made a few remarks anything but complimentary to the character of Captain Hill. Straightway the military bully fumed, and, drawing his sword, ran it clean through the honest actor's body. Poor Mountford declared, as he lay dying on the floor of his own dining room, that the fatal stab was given by the cowardly ruffian before his too unwary victim could draw his sword to defend himself. The dastardly bravo fled from the country, and so escaped falling into the hands of justice. His accomplice, the peer, relying doubtless on his "privileges," surrendered to the watchmen of the Duchy of Lancaster. His trial for murder came off before the House of Lords on the 31st of January, 1692-3. (The year then commenced at or about the vernal equinox, March 25.) He pleaded not guilty. The testimony adduced proved that Hill and Mohun had changed clothes at the theatre before visiting Mrs. Bracegirdle; that Hill had been repeatedly heard to say that Mountford was the lady's lover, and that he was determined to put him "out of the way;" and that Mountford, being asked, immediately before his death, how it happened, said Captain Hill killed him basely: "for, whilst my lord had been talking to him, Hill ran him through, and then my lord (Mountford's) sword was not drawn till after he received the wound." The Captain had a coach and six in Wych street, to carry Mrs. Bracegirdle into the country. When the soldiers laid hold upon her, Page raised an alarm, and called people to the rescue, "while Hill kept lunging at him with his drawn sword." Mohun and Hill remained together in the street after the lady had got home, and when the watch came along and asked them: "Gentlemen, why do you walk with your swords drawn?" Lord Mohun replied: "I am a subject of England; touch me if you dare!" Whereupon, the brow-beaten watch crept swiftly out of sight. When asked by other witnesses why they stayed there, Hill answered: "To be revenged on Mr. Mountford." An hour after there was a cry of murder, and the watch, like the police of modern times, "came up too late." Hill had gone, and Mohun surrendered himself. Some questions having arisen among their lordships upon the evidence in point of law, the opinion of the Judges was asked: "In a case where a man kills a murder another, whether all those that are in his company at the time are necessarily involved in the crime, may they not be separated, so as in some cases to be found guilty of manslaughter?" The Judges agreed that they might be so separated. Then the Earl of Monmouth proposed a case: "A is conscious of an animosity between B and C; A accompanies B where C happens to come, and B kills him; whether A, without any malice to C or any actual hand in his murder, be guilty of the crime?" The reply to this by the Judges was also in the negative, as to several other suppositious cases similarly submitted. The Judges were of opinion, however, that "where a person is privy to a felonious design, and goes along with the party, and accompanies him in putting the design in execution, though he may think it will not extend so far as death, but only beating, and has no personal hand, or does not otherwise contribute, but by his being with the other person when he executes his design of assaulting, and the party beaten dies, they are both guilty of murder." This, as most of the readers of this narrative will easily perceive, was exactly the case in point. The majority of their high-toned lordships, however, didn't see it in that light. And accordingly, on the 4th of February, after the question of "guilty or not guilty?" had been propounded to them respectively in their order, the Lord High Steward declared that fourteen had found Lord Mohun "guilty on my honor," while sixty-nine "on their honor" had found him "not guilty." Whereupon the scalawag aristocrat and peer was discharged.

Leigh Hunt in his "Town" gives a somewhat different version of Will Mountford's murder. The actor used to play Alexander to Mrs. Bracegirdle's Roxana, which, says Hunt, wildly jealous, The Captain and Lord Mohun having failed to abduct the actress, Hill swore he would be revenged on Mountford. He met him in the street, and boxed the actor's ear. Will, with a rattling oath, demanded to know "what that was for?" Upon this, Hill drew his sword, and ran it through the actor's body.

In "The Records of a Stage Veteran" we are told that it was remembered by old actors, as a tradition current about the middle of the last century, that the motive for the murder of Mountford was not jealousy of Mrs. Bracegirdle's attachment to him, but "for his having gained and betrayed the affections of a lady of exceeding high rank," and that "one of the children whom Mrs. Mountford adopted as her own was the result of this amour."

As for Mrs. Bracegirdle, contemporary testimony seems to point her out as Congreve's "flame;" and Bellchamber, who evidently believed the imputation, pronounces her intrigue with Mountford "indisputable." Macaulay, however, in his essays says: "She seems to have been a cold, vain, interested coquette, who perfectly understood how much the influence of her charms was increased by the fame of a severity which cost her nothing, and who could venture to flirt with a succession of admirers in the just confidence that no flame which she might kindle in them would thaw her own ice."

Lord Mohun fell in a duel on Nov. 15, 1711. His opponent was the Duke of Hamilton, and the weapons were swords. Of the end of Hill nothing seems to be known.

A RING ITEM.—A man name 1 Bennert, who lives on West Hill, says his great-grandfather fought with Washington. We have carefully examined "Irving's Life" and other authorities, but we can find no record or mention of Washington having had a fight with a man named Bennert, so we think our West Hill friend must be mistaken.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills ---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

OUR CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME:

Presented at Enormous Expense for this Occasion Only.

The good old custom of introducing a Christmas pantomime is one which we are glad to follow in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. It necessitates, to be sure, large expense, but it pleases the children; and where the sense of the children is in favor of any project, the cents in our pocket are of secondary consideration. Before you have time to become incensed at this harmless little pun, we will divert your attention by a description of the scene above. This, as you will perceive, is not only a performance *for* children but *by* children. In England it is a common thing for the little folks to enact a pantomime, and we have imported this company entire in order to present an attractive holiday novelty. This is the grand transformation scene in "Goody Two Shoes." We call the pantomime "Goody Two Shoes" because it has not the remotest connection with that classic story. In selecting the title of a pantomime you must always hit upon one that has nothing to do with the performance. The transformation scene is where the old woman in the black cloak turns into a fairy, and transforms the several characters into Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine. You may have noticed that the Clown and the Pantaloon are always punished for turning the old woman away, while Harlequin and Columbine are richly rewarded for their charity. From which a very timely lesson may be drawn at this Christmas season. The queen of the fairies, who appeared as the old woman in the cloak, is now seen in the centre of the stage, while her numerous followers are ranged in graceful attitudes on pedestals. Harlequin and Columbine are gracefully posturing, while Pantaloon and Clown are pointing at each other in amazement. Goody Two Shoes and Little Boy Blue are standing at the sides, and amid the gorgeous scenery and glittering spangles the music strikes up and the frolics of the Christmas pantomime begin.

RING, CHRISTMAS BELLS, RING MERRILY.

BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

Ring, Christmas bells, ring merrily,
And herald in the morn;
Ring in with carols cheerily
The day that Christ was born;
Far, far away in Palestine
He saw the light of day,
And 'neath the Star of Bethlehem,
Within a manger lay.

Ring, Christmas bells, ring merrily,
And float your sweetest chime
Ring in with music joyfully,
And sweet melodious rhyme;
Our Savior, Christ, was born to day—
No pillow ease had he,
His cradle was a manger hard,
Wherein the cattle fed.

Ring, Christmas bells, ring merrily,
And sweetest accents give;
Our blessed Saviour came and died
That all of us might live;
Upon the cross His spirit fled
When He was crucified.
And now within that home on high
He bids us all abide.

Providence, R. I. S. N. M.

SANTA CLAUS WILL COME TO-NIGHT.

MUSIC BY CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

Go to sleep, my little darling,
Close your eyes, my pretty flow'r,
For the clock is striking seven,
And I've been a-waiting an hour;
Listen how the wind is sighing
While it takes its rapid flight,
And remember, little angel,
Santa Claus will come to night.
Chorus.—Go to sleep, my little darling,
Close your eyes so soft and bright,
For you know, my precious angel,
Santa Claus will come to-night.

On the tops of all the houses
He will drive his deer and sleigh,
And adown the narrow chimneys
He will surely find his way;
In the stocking hanging stocking
Will be filled with presents bright,
For a little birdie told me
Santa Claus would come to-night.
Chorus.—Go to sleep, my little darling,
Close your eyes so soft and bright,
For you know, my precious angel,
Santa Claus will come to-night.

In the morning bright and early,
When you leave your little bed,
You will find he has brought you
Anything that papa said;
Now my darling, sweetly slumber
Till the morrow's rosy light,
For I'm sure, my precious jewel,
Santa Claus will come to-night.
Chorus.—Go to sleep, my little darling,
Close your eyes so soft and bright,
For you know, my precious angel,
Santa Claus will come to-night.

OUR BABY-SHOW:

In which the Visitor is not Disturbed by Crying Infants.

THE LIVELY TWINS.

Behold these lively little twins—
Their constant pastime for John Gray's;
Their beauty admiration wins
From all who see them—mercy.
They look so very much alike,
You can't tell one from t'other;
If lightning one set out to strike,
'Twould doubtless hit the other.

Sometimes when Jerry cries for cake,
His chain and rattle clanking,
Their mother makes a sad mistake,
And Thomas gets the spanking.

And when the cramp stomachaché
Increases Thomas's caloric,
'Tis little Jerry has to take
The dose of paregoric.

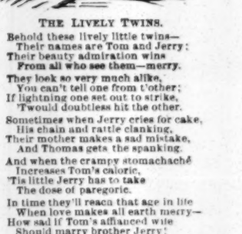
In time they'll reach that age in life
When mates all earth merry—
How sad if Tom's affianced wife
Should marry brother Jerry!

But worse than all, when death has fixed
A period to life's commas,
And Jerry dies, they'll get him mixed
And bury living Thomas!

THE CHERUBS AS THEY APPEAR ASLEEP.

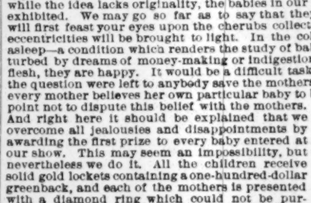
In calling attention to our Christmas Exhibition of Babies, we desire to explain that it is against our principles to become the imitators of anybody. The thing after which we constantly seek is originality. And this, indeed, is the feature, of all others, which tends to make THE CLIPPER VARIETIES so universally popular. Our aim has been to lead—not to follow. The amazing favor with which baby-shows have been received—where the treasurer has not run off with the receipts—induces us, for once, to depart from our rule, and to follow the example set by others. At the same time, while the idea lacks originality, the babies in our show will be found entirely unlike those hitherto exhibited. We may go so far as to say that they have been made expressly for this occasion. You will first feast your eyes upon the cherubs collectively, after which their individual excellences and eccentricities will be brought to light. In the collective state it will be observed that they are all asleep—a condition which renders the study of babyhood especially attractive. There they lie undisturbed by dreams of money-making or indigestion. So long as no stray pin seeks into their tender flesh, they are happy. It would be a difficult task indeed to decide which is the prettiest—that is, if every mother believes her own particular baby to be the prettiest child in the world. We make it a point not to dispute this belief with the mothers.

And right here it should be explained that we overcome all jealousies and disappointments by awarding the first prize to every baby entered at our show. This may seem an impossibility, but nevertheless we do it. All the children receive solid gold lockets containing a one-hundred-dollar greenback, and each of the mothers is presented with a diamond ring which could not be purchased in any jewelry store for two hundred and fifty dollars. That is the princely manner in which we conduct a baby-show. And while you are wondering at our generosity, we would direct your attention to one of our chiefest curiosities. Gaze upon the countenance of this smiling infant and prepare to be amazed. This is the baby who fell out of a fourth-story window! Would anybody believe it, looking upon him as he lies there in his little bed? Nevertheless it is the truth—the solemn truth. We can produce, if necessary, the sworn affidavit in support of the statement; and if there should still be a doubting Thomas among the spectators, we *can* even show the window out of which the falling was done. In face of such convincing proof as this there can certainly be no question about the truth of the occurrence. Baby was left to himself for a few moments with the window open. He straightway climbed onto a chair, thence onto the sill, looked out, lost his balance, and—as we used to read in Virgil—horrible to relate, he fell. Down, down, past the third story, past the second, past the first, onto the cruel pavement below. Oh, yes, he struck on the pavement. We wouldn't engage a baby who broke his fall by hitting a woodshed or something of that kind. He might do to exhibit in the rural districts, but he could never hope to achieve success in the metropolis. Well, they took him up from the pavement, expecting, of course, to find him dead; but he wasn't. Thus often are our fondest hopes in life blasted. It is reasonable to suppose that he was surprised, for that was the first and only drop which he ever took to himself; but he recovered with such astonishing rapidity that before the affrighted mother got him up the three flights of stairs again he was crying lustily for a glass of milk, without nutmeg. Turning from this remarkable infant, the spectator is confronted by another equally deserving of close inspection. This is the child born with a full head of hair. What makes it more wonderful is that the baby is a girl. In the present age of puffs and curls and switches, it requires a strength of character which is simply heroic for a feminine baby to come into the world with hair of its own. We may say, strictly in confidence, that Rosebud's mother—Rosebud is what they call the child of capillary extravagancies—decorates her head with twenty-five dollars' worth of false hair whenever she goes out visiting. And yet, in the face of such an example as that, set by her own mother, this fraud-detesting baby made her entrance upon life's stage with a full head of jet-black hair. Not any fuzzy growth of down, but a luxuriant mass of genuine hair measuring over a foot in length. [In making this statement we do not consider it necessary to explain that the foot used as a basis of measurement was the baby's, and not King James'.] We have already called attention to the fact that this phenomenon is more wonderful because of the sex of the child. It is not an uncommon thing for a boy to be born an heir; but we claim that it is unprecedented in the case of a girl. When the extraordinary nature of the case is taken into consideration, it is not to be wondered at that this baby puts on a good many airs. Your attention is next directed to a curiosity in the realm of babyhood, more astounding even than the child born with hair. This is nothing more nor less—it certainly could not be less—than the smallest baby in the world. There has been a great many diminutive infants exhibited of late, but we feel abundantly justified in asserting that ours—that is the one to be seen in our show—is beyond question or quibble the champion light-weight baby of the world. It—we refer to it in the neuter gender because we have not thought it politic to inquire of its mother whether the phenomenon is a boy or a girl—it turns the scale at one pound and a half. If there is a lighter infant than this in the civilized or barbarian world, we shall be under obligations to anyone who may enlighten us with regard to its existence. That is not the child's mother who is at present entertaining it. No, it is the nurse. You will perceive that she is not remarkable for delicacy of outline. A glance at her feet would be enough to dispel the idea of a fairy or sylph. She would not be apt to get an engagement as a living skeleton in a sideshow—unless the show were anide as well as side. It is because of her healthful, non-consumptive appearance that her services have been secured expressly for this occasion. The contrast between the nurse and her charge heightens the effect, and makes the pound-and-a-half baby appear even smaller than it is. You may get an idea of the amazing littleness of the child by comparing it with the nurse's hand. Though not handsome, the latter's hand is of about the usual size; yet it is nearly as large as the light-weight baby's entire body. So diminutive a bit of humanity naturally requires the most watchful attention, a fact which may be illustrated by the following incident: On the first day of the show the nurse, who is of a soporific temperament, went to sleep with her precious charge in her lap. When she awoke the baby was missing. Frightened half out of her wits, the nurse came to the conclusion that her misfortune. We instituted a thorough search, but nothing could be found of the lost child. Just as we were about to give up in despair, there sounded a faint cry from somewhere in the depths of the nurse's clothing. The woman stared for a moment in amazement, and then, thrusting her hand into her pocket, uttered an exclamation of horror. "It's here!" she gasped, and drew forth the infant, alive and well. The child had crawled into the pocket and gone to sleep! A soft music will be pass on to the next attractive feature, which is the twins. Here we may be pardoned if we introduce a few original verses, which will explain these phenomena more concisely than we could hope to do in any other manner.

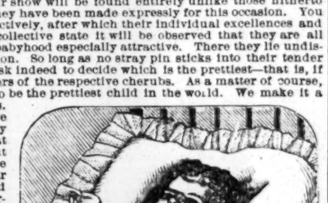


NATURE'S STRANGEST FREAK.

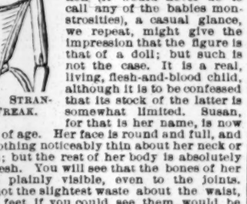
THE BABY WHO TOOK A TUMBLE.



THE HEIRESS WITH HAIR.



THE CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT.



THE HANDSOME MOTHERS.

guess. These two handsomest mothers, then, are carrying on a lively campaign for the brown-stone front which

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 24.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Mad. (glass-blower)
Allen, Eloise
Bent, Belle
Brooks, Mrs. Kate
Batcheider, Josie
Boshell, Louise (3)
32c.
Beaumont, Stella
Bernard, Lottie
Beaumont, Nellie (of Soldene'sCo.)
Blande, Edith
Collins, Kate
Crabtree, Charlotte
Clifton, Blanche
Cannon, Mrs. May
Crabtree, Lotta
Clifton, Viola
Caldwell, Ella
Dargon, Augusta L.
Dimple, Dollie(not Dottie)
Dearis, Mollie E.
Davenport, Maude (vocalist)
D'Alve Sisters
Davenport, Mrs. Mary
De Haven, Gusaie
Delise, Alenia
Deland, Annie
Ella Mills.
Erne, Nellie (n.inst. biz)
Elmore, Annie
Esmond, Elsie
Florence, Helen
Fox, Annie (2)
Forrest, Lillian (2)
Fisk, May
Fox, Annie
Graham, Tillie (p. o.m. London, Eng.)
Goss, Mrs.
Grant, Ethel (3)
Germon, Nellie
Granger, Maude
Gorman, Lottie
Gray, Maggie
Howorth, Mrs. M. E. (2)
Howland Sisters
Hays, Sallie
Irwin Sisters
Kellogg, Alice (of Berger Co.)
Kimberley, Jessie
Letourneur, Mlle. A.
Lucille, Fannie (3)
Lester, Mrs. Frank
Laiscelle, Mad. Lyman
Lee, Maude (vocalist)
La Rue, Ella
Laverde, nelle
Macarte, Madam 6c.
Mortimer, Mrs. Annie
Mayo, Ella
McJasin, Nellie
Moore, Clara
May, Fannie
Moore, Annie (of MacEvoy's Co.)
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Nora, Mad. (glass-blower)
Newton, Eliza
Pepper, Mrs. Margie
Parshall, Emma L.
Parker Sisters
Parker, Georgie
Parker, Susie
Ransom, Alice (2)
Rainford, Eva 6c.
Ravel, Mrs. Sophia
Sharpe, Mrs. Catharine
Stuart, Mattie & Alice
Sheilman, Rosa
Schofield, Imogene
Smith, Dell (with Bunney Ferguson
Siddons, Ida (of Heywood's Co.)
Sanford, Kittie
Sanford, Lou (vocalist)
Southern, Jennie
Thompson, Charlotte (2)
Vivian, Sadie (2)
Wyndham, Alice
Waby, Josephine (2)
Warren, Jennie (statue "bit")
Wilson, Julia (of Thompson's Co.)
Waldro, Lizzie
Wilson, Kittie (of Bang's Co.) (2)
Zittella, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Allen, J (prof. music) (2)
Allen, J no. (with Allen Sisters)
Ames Emile
Alvaretta, Harry
Armor A.E. Wilson, Harry
Allison, C. (of Mc Daniels' Co.)
Ambler, Harry
Avery & Cereni
Atmer, H. F.
Bradlin, Geo.
Boissett, Julius
Bartram, Gard
Booth, L. M.
Bowen, Geo. (violinist)
Beckwit., Harry
Burke, Wm. E. (clown)
Brownold, Max (2)
Bushnell, Dan (2)
Bryants Minstrels
Bronson, G.R. (2)
Brown, J. (of Kendall's Co)
Byrne, Johnny
Bisbee, Frank (2)
Blackford, Jas. J.
Buckley, Joe L.
Bitz, Francois
Bell, Frank
Benedict, Law (2)
Bowers, V.
Bowron, W. L. (leader)
Benton, C. (of Mad. Ducios' Co.)
Braham, Prof. D.
Cole, Lew.
Cotton, Ben
Carroll, R. M.
Cooper, F. F. (of Barnum's Co.) (2)
Carlton, F. (2)
Chapman, Will E.
Collins, Harry L.
Cerini, harry L.
Cooper, Charlie (circus "biz")
Cardoza, H ("biz" agent)
Collins, O. S.
Coleman, W. (of Kendall's Co.)
Clark, G. Broess
Cooper, Harry
Carlisle & Caverley (2)
Cameron, Duke
Call, S. B. (gymnast)
Caselli, T. S.
De Witt, Wm. E.
Devere, Billy (character "biz")
Dale, Wm. O.
Dobbins, H. F.
Dodge, Ben
Duff & Mack
Donohue, James
Dearin, Sam (2)
De Mott, Prof. (of Holman's Co.)
De Judge, T (minst. "biz")
Dickson, H. A.
Dunn, Jas. G.
Devere, Wm. M.
Dobbs, John (agent)
Dockstrader, Mr.
Daly, Augustin
Everett, Geo. (2)
Emerson, Pete
Emidy, J. A. (2)
Edwards, Geo. H.
Edwards, O. (late of Foster's Detroit)
Emerson, Fred
Emidy, Jos.
Franckum, Geo. (2)
Flikins, Robt.
Foley & Sheffer
Florance, Geo. A.
Feury, Fernando
Fields, F. (of Cornique, Providence)
Forbes, C. (with Hadwin & Clark)
Fox, Jos. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Fradley, J.
Fox, Jos. E.
Fortescue, Geo.
Ferguson, Alex.
Frelch, Rich. (of Barnum's Clr.)
Geyer, Albert
"G. Z." (2)
Grisie, C. B. (2)
Guadron, A. (automatic "biz")
Gorman, Eugene F. (4)
Gilday, Chas. (song and dance)
Goodwin, "Nat"
Goshen, Jas.
Gaskins, Jas. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Gardner, Harry
Granger, Frank
Grover, Leonard (manager)
Gothold, E. M.
Guy, Mr. and Mr. R.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hicks, Chas. H.
Hall, Ally B.
Healey & Conway
Henri, Hi (2)
Hayle, Wm. (clogist)
Harrington, J. (of Harr & Cummins)
Hamilton, C. E. (manager)
Howard, T. C. (of Kirsfly's Co.)
Harris, Jos. F.
Howell, Edward
Heward, Harry T.
Herbert, Alton
Harris, W. (of Sprague & Blod. Min.)
Hall, H. (agt. Powers' & Weightman)
Hawley, Frank
Hart, Tom (of Howe's Clr.)
Holloway, John (musician) 3c
Irwin, Selden (2)
Jones, Henry Frank (with Lew Rattler)
Jack, Sam T.
Jordan, Jas.
Joyce, T. H.
Jefferson, Jos. (2)
King, Barbro
Knight, Geo. Edgar (German "biz")
Kennedy, H. (of the Athenaum, Boston)
Kelly Bros.
Kendall, H. A. (manager)
"Leader" (5)
Lee, H. C.
Landis, S. M. (tragedian)
Leandro, (of Luando Bros.)
Little, Chas. (2)
Lester, Harry
Leonard & Wright
Landis Bros.
Leonard, J. W.
Le Grenan, Dan
Ling-Look
Leavitt, Andrew
Levantine, Fred F. (2)
Leon, Billy
Lewis, Chas. P.
Lewis, Harry H.
Lamb, Frank
Lyle, Jas. (of Edinburgh, Scotland)
Murphy, Paddy
Mordaunt, Frank
Meredith, F. S.
Madigan, W. T.
Magnin, Jas.
Mills, Mr. ("Musical Moke")
Meades, John
Mauritius, Wm.
McCullough, J. (tragedian)
Magee, (of Mullen & Magee)
McDonnel, Jas. (of Bailey, Eng.)
Magee, Clem
Murray, E. J.
McVicker, John
McDonough, Wm.
Mullen & Magee
Molvey, Thos.
Murphy, Tom T.
McIntyre, Jas. (song and dance
Murphy & Mack
Morbach, Ed.
Morris, Andy
Morosco Family
Musical Trumps of Circus Performers
Nichols, R. H. 5c "Nat"
Nelson, J. (of Buffalo Bill Co.) 5c.
Neary, Jos. (of Neary & Kelly)
Orrin Bros.
Osborne, Harry H
Welch, Fayette
Peil & Lewis
Parker, Lewis
Perry, Capt. C. M.
Purcell, Barney
Peters, J. (of Japanese Co.)
Pell, Jas.
Paine, Ira
Powell, E. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Phillips, "Gus"
Parent, Jos.
Queen, Montgomery
Quinn E. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Quilter & Goldrich
Rainford, Milton
Reagan, Thos.
"Musical Rube"
Richardson, Frank S.
Russel, T. N.
Rutch, Geo. Fawcett
Reed, Billy (of Wm. & Jennie Reed)
Rushby, Horace
Richardson, Burt
Stevens, W. T.
Spaulding's Bell Ringers, Manager
Stanley, Burton
Swain, Sam & Carrie
Slow, Chas. (of Barnum's Clr.)
Slavin, J. H. (2)
Sanborn, J. O.
Stevens, R. E.
Searle, C. J. (of Dup & Ben. Minst.) (2)
Stetson, E. T.
Searle, Cyril
Summers, J. W.
Stanley, Ernest
Snow, Lew (of Snow Bros.)
Sheehy & Jones
Somerby, Rufus
Sutton, C. W.
Stuart, Walter H.
Sharpley, Edgar
Tony Pastor's Co.)
Savile, Chas. A.
Simon, Mr. (of Howard Athenaum, Boston)
Stetson, Harry R.
Smith, Eddie C.
Sadler, Tod (of Houston's Minst.)
Schoedel, J. B. (of "Baby" Co.) (2)
Searle, C. J. (of Spear, Andy
Swonsbourne, C. H.
Sanford, J. J. (gymnast)
Sothern, Mr.
Stone, Wm.
Spear, Andy (trapeze)
Tunuchi, Bart
Terry, Wm.
Tuthill, W. F.
Tierney, J. (of Tierney & Christy)
Tousey & Quinn (c
Trigg, J. (of Heywood's Minst.)
Tuthill, F. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Vanderbilt, Frank (2)
Vere, Geo. W.
Villette, Mons.
Vivian, Felix A.
Villa, S. B.
Washburn, E. S.
Williams & McCabe
Wagee, (of Mullen & Magee)
Welch, W. (of Harry's Minst.)
Wilson, Harry (late of Detroit)
Walton, W. J.
Wert, Chas. S.
Wilson, J. W. (of Russell & Wilson)
Wade, Thos. (of "Centennial 5")
Wilson, Lew
White, Chas. (of White's Combin.)
Wilson, John (equestrian)
Waterfield, Tom
Wiley, Billy (comed.)
Wagner, Cal
White, A. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Warren, Fred (late of Sandusky, O.)
Whitney, Chas. T.
Weaver, Add
Watkins, Harry
Welch, Fayette
Williams, "Bobby" (of Bryant & Willis)
Yt. Z. "Z" (2)
Yungard, L.
Young, C. W. ("Fiewery")

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 24, '77.

Christmas eve! All hail! The streets are alive with the revelers, and the fancy stores and bazaars and turkey repositories are besieged by an army of shoppers and buyers like that which laid waste the barnyards and chicken-coops around and about Plevna before the Turkey roosters surrendered their possessions to the rapacious foe. Saturday night was a gala occasion for all New York; the pale orb shone out like a newly-polished tin pan, and the little stars twinkled their prettiest, as if to encourage the moon, and to assist in lighting up the dark spots of this wicked city. Saturday night is the harvest time for concert saloons; Thomas and Jeremiah served to soften the asperities of a losing game; and bottles of animated spirits were carried home for Sunday's use, in order to get the best of our Excise Commissioners, who are creating a good deal of uneasiness in the minds of those who thirst for the soothing influence of the wine when it is red on the Sabbath day. The saloons did a rare profit by the general hilarity which prevailed during the closing evenings of the week; even the divine Fanny, with the injured nose, who made her rentree in "As You Like It," failing to crowd the house from pit to dome, much to the disappointment of "those whom it most concerns." Neither did the real Countess Bozzota, otherwise Modjeska, jam the Fifth-avenue Theatre when she came before a metropolitan audience for the first time, although her reception was of a very pleasing character. The appearance of these two ladies, both fresh and gushing, and fair to look upon, should have drawn out a great throng of the admirers of nature and art, but the intervention of our holiday festivities operated to the disadvantage of the dwellers of the Fifth avenue, and made the task of counting up the spoils an easy one indeed. "The fair land of Poland" may appreciate the honors already conferred upon its fair representative by the gallant sons and daughters of the Western world, and the devotees at the shrine of Miss Davenport may feel proud of the enthusiastic welcome accorded her in this city, where she has achieved so many triumphs in the bright past; a little more of the filthy lucre in the box-office would have served to cheer the lone hearts of the ladies, and cause their throbbing hearts to beat responsive to the dolorous offerings. Excuse us one moment while we mention something about a little incident which came under our observation on Saturday last, as we sought, in the glare of the noonday sun, the tender steak that cheers, but not inebriates. It was a toy-store that attracted our attention, for we have not gotten over the youthful feelings of the olden time, and as we peered in at one huge window, filled with menageries, and Noah's arks, and woolly dogs, and armies with banners, and ten cent guns, and cannons, and big Indians, and "seds with 'ed 'unners," and "jintin' dolls," and jumping jacks, and other wonderful devices and inventions to please the little ones, we wished that we "would we were a boy that we might take just one more whack at the glorious galaxy of talent displayed in that marvelous window. With equal delight a small boy of the bootblack persuasion was taking in the scene, occasionally giving vent to his thoughts by such remarks as "That's a bully drum," "Wish I had that there sled," "Wonder how much that is worth for that drum," etc., just as small boys will remark when they haven't got more than four or five cents in their pockets. We felt sad for the poor boy, and, from the manner in which he looked upon us, he must have felt grieved that we couldn't get any of the things. Finally, he made so bold as to ask: "Ker goin' in?" "No; can't afford it." "How much yer got?" We must have resembled someone in his line of business, else why should he make so familiar? We evaded his question as to the size of our pile by expatiating at length upon the remarkable truthfulness to nature of a wax doll, with moving eyes, that occupied a well-deserved position among the rhinoceroses and toads and elephants that ornamented the garden of a country mansion. "How are sold: "How much 'er you got?" "Six shillins; but them's for a turkey! Last Christermas we didn't had no turkey—father hadn't no work, and mother she was sick, and so we didn't git no dinner that day. I tried to git in the Mission House in the Pinks, free for all, but the big boys bounced us chaps out of the line, and I didn't git nothin' to eat *there!* So I've bin savin' up, and if turkeys isn't too dear we'll have a turkey dinner this year; if they're more'n six shillins, mother says we must make a chicken do for our Christermas dinner and no pies, I guess, unless the nabors sends in one; but people don't give away mince pies to the poor pepil; it's ony them as has plenty of their own which gits pies sent to 'em at Christermas. Do you like mince pie?" Just then a lady emerged from the toy store; she had with her a little child who was knocking spots out of a drum. The bootblack seemed to be fascinated with the sound, and, with wistful eyes and a sad expression, he gazed upon the little performer as he raised the spirit-stirring strains. The lady was evidently touched as she contrasted the happy condition of her own child with that of the poor and friendless bootblack. She approached him, tenderly laid her hand upon the shoulder of the lad, and, placing a dollar bill in his hands, told him to go in and buy something for himself; and then, with her little drummer-boy, she went her way. That dollar bill brought a hundred dollars' worth of happiness to the boy; for, with his face lighted up, and his black eyes dancing merrily in their glee, he remarked to us: "Say, Mister, d'yer see that? Dollar! Yer know her? That's Miss Judkins, what acts up at the theatre. No chicken-dinner Christermas now. It's all turkey, or no sale; and mince pie and plum-puddin', plenty 'er bo! What! Jingo! If yer hain't got no turkey at your house, come down and get some of our'n—free lunch all day! Houpla!" And away he bounded like the fleet-footed deer, and soon was lost in the throng. In telling this true little incident, any *other* unprincipled writer would have said that *he* gave the boy the dollar, and never thought to allude to the angelic actress; but we are not of that kind; no, we scorn to do a mean act like that.....Ever since we read about that Washington girl who suddenly lost her voice while practicing a piece of vocal music written on a high key, we have entertained the delusive hope that somebody might write a piece on a sufficiently elevated key to cause the young man who sings tenor on the floor just above us to meet with a similar misfortune; but we repeat it is a delusive hope. That young man will never lose his voice. It doesn't make any difference how high the key is—he always reaches it. [James has just been sent out for remarking that "it's the key what makes him high—the whiskey!"].....Cruel, wasn't it, to circulate that absurd rumor about the fair Fanny Davenport's nose? "Disfigured for life," is the way some of the newspapers put it; and we were just preparing to shed tears over this loss of beauty, when the assurance came that it was not so bad as it seemed. We felt so gay to know that the nose was not disfigured that we forthwith purchased a nosegay and went to welcome Fanny at Booth's. [If this be flagrant, it is also fragrant.].....At the Union-square, where they have not had much of a success of any kind this season, we are promised, this week, the first production of a new play entitled "The Man of Success." Naturally, there is considerable curiosity to know who this man may be, and we therefore take the readers of THE CLIPPER into our confidence while we define

"THE MAN OF SUCCESS."

Not one of those from Sandy Bar,
Nor any other bar in fact;
Nor Russia's autocratic Czar,
Nor Vanderbilt by millions backed;
No, none of these can represent
The man in whose virtues express—
A broken bank's ex-president—
That is "the man of true success!"

Colored baby-shows are no good, and those speculative parties who intended to go on a tour with colored babies as the star attraction will now doubtless throw up their hands and cry quits. The exposition at Gilmore's Garden was not of that cheerful character which fills the hearts of managers with gratitude, and induces the formation of a stock company for the presentation of a *permanent* display. It is not likely that Brother Hamilton will ever undertake the handling of a baby show like that of the black infants. What with the roaring of the lions, the chattering of the monkeys, the terrible din created by the stirring up of the laughing hyena and the frightful porcupine, and the outcry of the children, it is not surprising that three hundred ill-fated attendants at that show have become inmates of lunatic asylums! Never again; ah, never again! .....At the Theatre Comique the Carrolls are among the current attractions; they are more than usually interesting just now, because they give a new transformation act and become the Christmas Carrolls.....The Daily brothers appear nightly as Tony Pastor's new Aerial Queen in her mid-air performances. When 'Our Jim' thinks we have talked more than the law allows, he very sarcastically calls us the air real Queen!.....If anybody sees anything of an elephant running about the streets, the finder thereof will confer a favor upon the elephant by returning him to the office and

KITTIE ELBERTS, who has been playing soubrette at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Ind., for some time, is now idle in that city.

CHAS. E. NEWTON will assume the management of the Adelphi Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 31, after which date it will be conducted as a dramatic theatre. Stars are requested to address him as per card.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT, supported by Augustin Daly's company, is to play in the New England circuit during the week ending Jan. 5, 1878, one week in Albany, commencing 7; the following week in Rochester, Utica, Troy, etc.; the week ending 21 in the interior cities of Pennsylvania. She is to commence a Southern tour 28 in Richmond, Va., continuing thus: 29, 30, Norfolk 31, Raleigh, N. C., Feb. 1, charlotte 2, Wilmington 4, Charleston, S. C., 5, 6, 7, 8, Columbia 9, Savannah, Ga., 11, 12, 13, Macon 14, Atlanta 15, Montgomery, Ala., matinee 16, and open a two weeks' engagement in "Pique" 17 in the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La. During March and April she will fulfill engagements in St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston, and will probably sail from the latter port for England early in May.

THE BUFFALO BILL COMBINATION was the attraction at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 17, 18, 19. They did a large business. Lawrence Barrett, supported by T. W. Davey's Combination, filled out the week. "Richelieu" was acted 20. "A Counterfeit Presentment" 21, "The Wonder" matinee 22, and "David Garrick" and "Merchant of Venice" evening of 22. A large business was done, Dec. 24, Geo. Rignold for one week.....John McCullough at St. James' Hall 24, 25, 26.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., letter, dated Dec. 16, is as follows:

THE California Theatre was occupied by moderate-sized audiences the past week, to witness another batch of the regular annual benefits, and the debut on the stage of an ambitious young woman, blessed with untiring energies and sufficient assurance to succeed under ordinary difficulties, when possessing the smallest amount of talent, and which this lady does not. Leona Crews—who made her début Dec. 11 as Ila in "The Hunchback," has not. J. N. Long presented for his benefit, 10, a comedy entitled "D. D."—Domestic Detectives—an adaptation from the French by Long and H. B. Warren. It proved a failure. Wm. Voegtlin, scenic artist, took a benefit 12, when "The Lancashire Lass" was the attraction. Barton Hill's impersonation of the Party in the drama of Johnson's comedy was praise. Miss Hill executed some fine "lightning cartoons" of local celebrities in presence of the audience, and exhibited his beautiful tableau entitled "Cleopatra's Barge," a realization of an Arab caravan crossing the desert, introducing live camels. The beneficiary presented ten of his old pupils in Shakspeare's "Midsummer-night's Dream" 18, "Villars' Dragoons" 19, "Fra Diavolo" 20, "Chimes of Normandy" 21, 22. This troupe plays in Milwaukee 24, 25, 26 and matinee; Dubuque, Ia., 27, 28, 29 and matinee.

MASTER JOHN RHODES, violinist, was the recipient of a complimentary benefit at St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, on Dec. 20. Master Rhodes is a musical prodigy, only eleven years old; and, as his parents are in humble circumstances, this benefit was given to enable him to finish his musical education.....Mark Hassler gave his second orchestral matinee at St. George's Hall Dec. 22.....B. Parvin, a basso vocalist, popular over thirty years ago at Philadelphia concerts, is still singing at the Wednesday concerts at the Institution for the Blind in that city.....Signor Bendix, assisted by Hayes's Quartet and Frank A. Conly, will give Dime Entertainments at Concert Hall during Christmas-week.....An instrumental concert will be given at the Academy of Music Dec. 28 by several bands of Philadelphia and New Jersey.....A. B. Furlong will give a concert at Association Hall Jan. 4.

THE CAMILLA URSO CONCERT COMPANY sang in Danville, Ill., Dec. 21, Decatur 22, and are billed in Bloomington 24, Peoria Jan. 4, Monmouth 5, Aurora 9, Elgin 14, and Dubuque, Ia., 17.

A BAD WEEK was that ending Dec. 22, as it witnessed in Baltimore, Md., the deaths of two prominent members of the musical fraternity. Prof. Louis Fisher, one of the deceased, was well known and highly esteemed. He was the leader of the orchestra at the Adelphi Theatre several years ago. He was buried on 21. Prof. Gustav Rose, the other, was well known all over the country as the leader of several operatic ventures of note, as also leader at one time of the Concordia Opera-house. He was buried on Dec. 19. The remains of both were followed to the grave by the Musical Union, of which society they were honored members and held high offices at the time of their decease. George A. Nachman was the orator on the occasions, and his remarks were appropriately given.

THE FIRST of the series of the Haydn Musical Association's concerts took place in Baltimore, Md., at the Academy of Music, Dec. 20, and was largely attended. Outside of the instrumental part of the programme, Kate Thayer, operatic contralto, and Colonel Henry S. Page, cornet solo, were deservedly prominent.

THE ADELLA OVERTURE, "Pride of the Ballroom" grand march, are among the advertised publications of G. H. Rowe.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER desires an engagement. See J. L.'s card.

BANJO AND GUITAR TUNES at ten cents each are advertised by E. Clark, teacher.

"THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA" was rendered by the Harmonic Chorus Society of Indianapolis, Dec. 18, in excellent style, the chorus comprising one hundred and fifty voices. The society will next produce Rosse's "Eli."....Miss Emma Abbott sang 21, her third concert there the present season.

JOHN N. CHADSEY advertises to arrange songs-and-dances for orchestra at sixty cents per song.

LEW JOHNSON'S Tennessee Jubilee Singers were encored in Moore's Opera-house, Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 15, 16, as reported to large business. They open in St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 13, 1878, one week, thence to Cincinnati, O.

"WON, TWA, THRE," and others of the latest songs can be obtained at Harding's advertised address.

ALICE OATES' TROUPE played in the Detroit, Mich., Opera-house Dec. 19, 20, 21, 22. Large houses greeted them.

EMIL EISMAN, leader, with an orchestra of five pieces, can be engaged after Jan. 5 through Morris Simmonds, agent.

MUSICAL NOTES from Boston, Mass., are furnished as appended by our correspondent:

JOE J. WATSON gave the last dime concert in Music Hall Dec. 22. The Boston public, now composed of a mixed chorus, gave the first concert of their fifth season in Music Hall 9. Smart's cantata "The Bride of Dunkerron" was sung for the first time in the society's concerts. C. C. Nason, Cornelius Chinery and B. C. Bullard, George L. Osgood, director, and Carlyle Petersilea, pianist.....Miss Madeline Schiller's last piano-forte recital occurred afternoon 19.....The fourth Harvard Symphony concert took place in Music Hall afternoon 20. Miss Lizzie Cronyn, a pianist, and Carl Zerrahn, director.....The Kreisler Concert Company are to sing in Music Hall afternoon 29, and in the Boston Theatre 30.....The "Messiah," by the Handel and Haydn Society, is to be performed in Music Hall Christmas night.....Sunday Entertainments.—The Handel and Haydn society gave their first sacred concert in Music Hall 23, the soloists being Miss Emma C. Thursby, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, William J. Winch and A. E. Stoddard, Carl Zerrahn, conductor; B. J. Lang, organist.....The American Band of Providence appeared in concert 27 in the Boston Theatre, the soloists being Mrs. E. Hoffman, soprano; H. Walter, tenor; Master F. B. Church and D. W. Reeves, cornet soloists, and the Alpine Quartet, composed of the Misses Morton and A. E. Eddy, tenors, and O. B. Skiff and E. L. Smith, basses; D. W. Reeves, leader.....Brown's Brigade Band, H. C. Brown, director, give their first concert at Beethoven Hall 22, the following artists appearing: Miss Dora Wiley, Thomas Senia, H. C. Brown, Joan Missaud, Daniel Foster, H. G. Weston, and Fred J. Bustis.....Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Marshall, assisted by Carter's Band, T. M. Carter, leader; Pedro C. Meyrelles, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Behr, William H. Chambers, J. Oscar Ball, Stanford Mitchell, and the Alpine Quartet, gave their fourth concert 22 in Paine Hall.

SHARPS AND FLATS.—A concert for the widow and orphan of P. Buch was given at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, on Dec. 12, and realized nearly $1,000.....The first of the series of Haydn Concerts, with Miss Kate Thayer as vocalist, was given at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Dec. 20, under the direction of Prof. Thiede.....P. S. Gilmore has received an invitation from the Commissioner of the Dublin Exhibition Palace to give a series of performance with his military band in that city, while en route for the Paris Expedition.....The Swedish Quartet, recently with Emma Abbott, gave a concert at Hershe Hall, Chicago, Dec. 22.....The Germania Orchestra, assisted by Miss Mary Suggett, gave a concert at Gesangverein Hall, Cleveland, O., Dec. 16.....The second concert of the Cincinnati Orchestra took place at Pike's Opera house Dec. 17.....Albany, N. Y., is having dime concerts.....Miss Clara Reinmann of Indianapolis has received a call from the Arion des Westlins of St. Louis to sing in that city in January next.....The Whitney concert takes place at Tweedle Hall, Albany, Dec. 27.....The comic operetta of "Lord and Keltner" was given for the second time by the Liederkranz Society of Louisville, Ky., on Dec. 16.....Emily Melville was taken ill on Dec. 13, and while singing in Chicago last week with the Hess English-opera Troupe was not only under the influence of morphine, but also ignoring the injunction of her physician.....Miss Anna Drasill, Miss Ida W. Hubbell, George Simpson and S. P. Warren concertized in Albany, N. Y., Dec. 18.....Miss Clara Strong, a popular Cleveland pianist, sails from this city for Europe on Dec. 29, accompanied by her mother. She goes abroad to complete her studies, and may essay professional life.

VARIETY HALLS.

MANAGERS desiring to keep their houses permanently before the attention of artists, and of arranging dates with first-class people, will find a card in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC a great assistance to them. Those desiring to advertise in the next edition are notified that copy should be sent in not later than Dec. 27. See rates in our business department.

VARIETY ARTISTS desiring to keep their names and lines of business permanently before the attention of managers should advertise in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC; and those desiring to avail themselves of the opportunity are notified that copy must be sent in not later than Dec. 27. Rates are published in our advertising department.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS can find time at the Adelphi Theatre, Newark, N. J., as per card.

H. J. LEGAL desires engagements to perform in his trapeze and horizontal-bar acts. See advertisement.

THE MAX WALHALLA COMBINATION, illusionists, pantomimists, gymnasts and sketch artists, including Sig. Walhalla, Bart Smith, and Miss Kate Hatch, in their repertory, noticed in their card elsewhere, are arranging dates for the season. They will be at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., until Jan. 4, 1878.

LITTLE TODD, whose balancing, bending, and acrobatic feats have been given at the principal variety theatres with success, is now at the Theatre Comique, this city, Dec. 24, in his skillful equilibristic performances on the high pedestal. He can be addressed care of this office.

SAM MARTIN, one-legged dancer, has for his specialties Irish songs and-dances, Lancashire clog and character jigs. He can be engaged by applying as per card.

JAMES DALTON was presented in the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 16 with a gold watch and chain, said to be valued at $150, by a number of his friends.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., the business done the past week was very large. Lon Rainforth, James Green, Whitmore and Berry, George France and Frank Foster were the new people 17, notwithstanding that the management announced positively that no new appearances. The Lowenburg Family were also under engagement, but failed to show up, and gave no excuse. George France and Frank Foster appeared in "Wide Awake." France and Foster closed their engagement this evening. The Crimmins Brothers close same date, and go to Cincinnati. The Lang Brothers close, but remain in Louisville. The Corry Sisters, Sellon and Burns, Seth Simmons and Nick and May Hughes open on the 24th.

ANOTHER LARGE week's business may be recorded for the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I. The new arrivals 17 were Fields and Hoey, talented musical artists; Belle Fostelle, a pleasing vocalist; Frank Bell in a witty stump-speech; and the Big Four Kickers, consisting of Emerson, Clarke, and the Daly Brothers. This quartet work well together and the act is a good hit. The departures 24 were Fields and Hoey, to New York; Belle Fostelle, to Boston; and the Bennetts, to Hartford. Announced for this week: Duvalli Sisters, the Parkers, Wood and West, Dan Luke and Frank Harrison.

ADAMS'S VARIETIES, Hartford, Ct., a good business was done last week. C. L. Davis acted the chief character in "On the Sly," a spicy two-act extravaganza. The "Red Riding-hood" Minstrels, and Frank Harrison, motto vocalist; Rose Mullen and Magee, and Harry Hoffman, gloves; Rose Mullen and Magee, in an Irish sketch; and Emma Verne, serio-comic, filled out the bill. Closed 22: Mullen and Magee, to New York; Frank Harrison, Providence; and Rose Harland and Harry Franklin, Brewster, R. I. Open 24: Frank and Eva Bennett, Worden and Mack, and the Robinson Family.

LA MAR and Ling Brothers, horizontal-bar and trapeze artists, desire an engagement. See card.

JOHN WILLIAMS, clog-dancer, is referred to Willis Pickett's card in another column.

AT THE COLISEUM, Chicago, Ill., a good business was done last week. The new features comprised a burlesque sketch by Will F. Sage, entitled "Cellogg versus Kary, or the Rival Prima Donnas," being a travesty of the reported quarrel between Kellogg and Cary; Jenkins Davis and Ida Delmore, specialties; Lulu Francis in ballads; Addie Percey, serio-comic; Mons. Alphonse in contortion feats; Mark Hughes, assisted by Ned West, in "The Militia Boys' Parade," and "Dark Work, or the Counterfeiter's Victim," which has created a furore wherever it has been put on, and took everybody by storm. Houses crowded. Departures: Dowling and Stephens, St. Louis; the Leotards and Carlotta Banks. Opening 24: Dominick Murray in 'The Gambler's Crime,' and Robert Nickie.....At Wood's Theatre 17 the new people were Senorita Vellefez in feats of strength; Connors and Coleman, song-and-dance; Maggie Gray, serio-comic; Etta May, song-and-dance; the Milton Jaspers, in gymnastics; Johnny Morris-key and William Gilfoyen, eccentric comedians; George A. Hill in the dramas 'On the Trail' and 'Eileen Aroon,' and Al. S. Lipman, who has become stage-manager. Biz good. Lucien Marc and Leon Chrystol had a stubborn Greco-Roman wrestling match 20, the house being packed. Marc won three falls out of five, and proved a superb wrestler. Departures: St. Felix Sisters, Senorita Vellefez, Connors and Coleman, Milton Jaspers, George A. Hill, and Ida Burt. To open 24: Fanny Herring, Eugene and Mack Malcolm, Elise Holt, and a stallion known as 'Mazeppa' and Mrs. Barkman in 'The Skeleton Hand;' Eugene Taylor, a good leading actor; Julia Benton in vocalisms; and Helen Morgan, dramatic actress, opened at the National 17. Business light. Departures: Rexford Brothers, Cleveland; G. W. Farkman, opening in Louisville 31; St. Leon, Courtney and Showers, Terre Haute; Hudson Brothers, Detroit; La Verde Sisters and Richmond Sisters, New York. Opening 24: Senorita La Fere's Brunettes and Ada Sherwood's Female Minstrels; Mons. Niko, Eugenie Lavelle, Eugene and Malcolm, Mons. Tude and Charest, Julia Bennett, Effie Carroll, Dan Mason, and Foley and Sheffer.....Nellie Thorn, serio-comic; Leopold and Gaston, gymnasts; and Neeklejis, vocalist; opened at Buckling's 17. Biz fair. Departures: Jesse White and Foley and Sheffer. Opening 24: Little Jacqueline Benn and Walter Benn in 'Katy the Hot-corn Girl,' Fanny Anderson, Harry and Pet Slate, Connors and Coleman, Harry Holston, Louise Linden and Frederick Linden.....Charles Pelteau, comedian, and Ella Edina, vocalist, opened at the Eldorado 17. Biz fair. Lizzie Davis and Deby Rickling close 22. The three Crimmins Brothers open 24.....Crossley and Elder, the Mauritius Brothers, and the drama of 'Jack Sheppard' were the novelties during the current week at the Coliseum. Business large.....W. T. Stephens' trained dog 'Danger' died yesterday. He still has two canines left."

M. E. HOWORTH, proprietor of Howorth's Grand Hibernics, publishes in another column a reply to certain parties who have threatened to take legal proceedings to prevent his using the title Hibernica. Mr. Howorth claims that he holds the original copyright of the title, and that the other parties are the infringers.

HUNTLEY, banjoist, vocalist and composer, opens at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, Dec. 31.

VARIETY ARTISTS are wanted at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. Address Nat Hyams, manager.

AT WARD'S OPERA HOUSE, Newark, N. J., the fresh faces Dec. 17 comprised Leonzo and Ryan, introducing a well-trained English bull-dog. After the conclusion of the drama Stage-manager Stansell, on behalf of Proprietor Ward and company, presented Leonzo and Ryan with a beautiful silver-plated dog-collar for their dog; Malone and Petitt in a musical-moke act; Wood and West in songs and-dances on roller-skates; Susie Warren, serio-comic; Mlle. Zittella in character change songs; and the Leslie Brothers in acrobatic specialties. On amateur night (Friday) were seen Smith and Reed, acrobatic song-and-dance; Matt Fox, hat-spinner; George Fielding, juggler; Fenian Brothers in a set-to with the gloves; John Haley, jig-dancer; Miss Middleton, banjoist; Master Joe Hall, jig-dancer; and Harry Williams, Dutch song-and-dance. Departures 22: Leonzo and Ryan, Paterson; Wood and West, Malone and Petitt and Mlle. Zittella, New York; and Leslie Brothers, Brooklyn. Nell Ward closed 15, going to the Adelphi, this city. Coming 24: O'Brien Brothers, Cummings and Harrington, Mons. D'Omer and wife, De Witt Cook, Tim Rogers, Harry Shay, and Joe Marshall.....At the Metropolitan business was good. Smith and Byrne in a musical-instrument act, and Nellie Fielding were the new people 17. Closures 22: Ifferd Sisters and Nellie Fielding, to New York; Parker Sisters, to Boston; Smith and Byrne, to Cincinnati, O. Billed for 23: Marie Whittingham and Master Newman, Landis Brothers, J. D. Kelly, Georgia Kaine, and Sadie Connelly.....The Adelphi, late New Jersey Theatre, was reopened 17, and has done a fair business. The officers are: M. D. O'Connor & Allen, managers; Johnny Allen, director; Harry Fox, stage-manager; Andy Smith, master of properties; and adolph Weckner, leader of orchestra. The company assisted of Harry Fox and Annie Rochfort, Neil Ward, Sherwood and Clark, Kitty Gardner, Fitzgerald and Lacy, William Major, J. C. Long, Johnny Allen, Carrie Bosheil, and W. and Jennie Reed. On Saturday matinee and evening Capt. A. H. Bogardus gave exhibitions of his shooting. Departures 22: J. C. Long and Sherwood and Clark, to New York. Announced for 24: Bensley, Jessie Warner and Cummings and Hines. Advices of Dec. 22:

JACKITS-CHY'S JAPANESE TROUPE, six in number, are now performing at the Philadelphia (Pa.) Museum, where they have been re-engaged for two weeks. They announce their first open date as Jan. 7, 1878, and can be engaged through Manager Phil. H. Irving, who advertises.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS, combinations, and dramatic stars can secure engagements to play theatre variety or on shares at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, or the Theatre Comique, Washington, by addressing John P. Rogers, manager.

PROF. PARKER AND DOGS are now appearing at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city. He announces all time filled to April 15, 1878.

MISS FANNY HERRING, after the close of her engagement in Cincinnati, O., returns East to fulfill several engagements, and then starts upon a Western tour, going as far as California.

THE SUTDAM BROTHERS are to perform alone this week in Baltimore, Md., but will rejoin Clifton and Forepaugh Dec. 31.

THE O'BRIEN BROTHERS, clog, song-and-dance, and plantation sketch artists, etc., after a circuit through the West, are now arranging dates for an Eastern tour. Their time filled is noticed in their card, see same.

MLLE. ESTELLE, a variety performer, was recently burned to death in New Orleans, La.—another victim of kerosene.

AT THOMPSON'S THEATRE, Dallas, Texas, the latest arrivals were Louisa Griffiths, Fannie Douglass, Lottie May, Lillie Dean, Cora Stewart and Georgia Drake.

BUSINESS at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., was good the past week. The new arrivals Dec. 17 were Wesley and Eldridge. Departures 22: Cory Sisters, to Cleveland; and Mlle. Arline, unknown. Engaged: Lamont, Tim Morris and Ella Heffin are announced for 24.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Brooklyn, the bill last week opened with "The Dutch Orator," performed by T. H. Plumer and Frank Willis. "This was followed by Sheehan and Jones in comic songs. Kelly and Neary in Irish song-and-dances; Little Pearl in vocalisms; Wood and Beasley in a musical sketch called "The Street Arabs;" Ira A. Paine in glass-ball shooting; Turner and Geyer in acrobatic songs-and-dances; Lola and Loanetta in feats of strength; Fanny Raymond in songs; Signor Chivarelli in feats of legerdemain; Sheehan and Jones in Irish specialties; Young Taylor in his leaping acts; Emil Goroux in feats on the globe and pedestal; and the drama entitled "Sula," which was in rehearsal when the writer was in the city. Business good.

THE VOLKS' GARDEN, Brooklyn, was crowded nightly during the past week, an excellent performance being given by Fred Carroll, Guy Linton, Thomas C. Hedges, Winnetta Craven, the Parkers—Lew and Pauline—Gussie Leach, Lucy Adams, Dave Oaks, and E. D. Gooding. Managers Hyde and Behman will take their first benefit on the evening of Jan. 1, in the Garden will be open New-Year's night, after which it will close for two weeks in order to complete the interior improvements. A gallery is to be added, the stage will be enlarged, and the auditorium decorated and generally improved. The reopening is announced for 15. The success of the enterprise is at once gratifying to the managers and surprising to the public. For the coming week the announcements are Alice Gleason, Bonnie Runnells, the Ainsleys—Ned and Willie—Prof. H. C. Campbell, Chas. H. Shelby, the Colloms—Andy and Ida—and Rose and Mack.

WINGFIELD AND GREGORY closed a season of twelve weeks with E. S. Washburn's Last Sensation Dec. 15.

THE MOZART GARDEN, Brooklyn, will return to an admission-fee, the price being fixed at ten cents. Last season the performances were furnished by Carrie Banker, Gussie Walby, Hawley and Noon, Laura Bernard, George and Nettie Wood, Clara Maxwell and Helene Scanlon. The attendance was uniformly large, no falling-off being noticeable on Saturday evening, when an admission was charged for the first time in two months. Announced for this week: Mlle. La Fevre, Powers and Ward, Fanny Douglass and Julia Dean.

E. S. WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION. E. S. Washburn, proprietor, and A. Potter, advance-agent, are in Stamford, N. Y., Dec. 24; Delhi, Jan. 1; Binghamton 25, Schaghticoke 26, Hoosac Falls 27, Bennington, Vt., 28, and North Adams 29. They are traveling by teams; have sixteen people, ten horses and five wagons, and are going through the New England States. Business is reported good.

BOB CORVELLA, who sprained his wrist while doing a flying-ring act in Paterson, N. J., is rusticating in Bound Brook, N. J.

BUSINESS at Ward's Opera-house, Paterson, N. J., improved last week. Dewitt Cooke, Huber and Gilbert, Harry Shay, Cumming and Harrington, Edith Lyle, Lou Edwards and Irene Carleton were the attractions. Departures 22: Dewitt Cooke and Harry Shay, to Newark; Lou Edwards and Senorita Marcia, to Philadelphia; Huber and Gilbert, to Louisville; Cumming and Harrington, to Ben Gilfoil, Blanche Selwyn, Lorenzo and Mack, J. H. Ryan and dogs, Tom and Henrietta Murray, Lillie Florence, Trixy Vernon, Annie Montague, and Lillie Thompson.....John R. Topham has engaged the Main-street Opera-house for the week commencing 31, when the Topham Dramatic Company: John Williams, Sheehan and Jones, Larry Tooley, J. W. McAndrews, Harry Kennedy, Signor Blitz, Quilter and Goldrich, Conway and Kerrigan, Hannah Birch, Jennie and Annie Morgan. J. H. Sjegstad is business-manager; Prof. Albert Bernhardt, leader of orchestra. The variety company from this place have been going to the towns in vicinity. The company includes the Burdell Bros., Decker and Shepard, James McNally, Carpenter and Shepard, Signor Petry, and George Slayton, who is the *girl* who was arrested in New York last week for appearing in male costume. Letter of the 22d.

THE OWNERS of the copyright of "The Black Crook" recently obtained a preliminary injunction to prevent John Stoval, manager of the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, from producing the play of "Sula," upon the allegation that the dialogue, scenic effects, and the stage business of the latter were clipped bodily from "The Black Crook." Evidence, however, being produced to contradict this, the injunction was dissolved, and the plaintiff, author and owner of "Sula" has brought suit for $5,000 damages against the owners of "The Black Crook."

MLLE. LEONTINE, the well-known premiere danseuse, received a prize of a gold watch, said to be worth $250, as the "handsomest mother" at the baby-show at Concert Hall, Cincinnati, O.

JOHN R. LANE, formerly business and stage manager of the Adelphi Theatre, Philadelphia, is now keeping a restaurant in New York City.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, the attendance last week was very satisfactory. The new artists Dec. 17 included Murphy and Shannon in their German specialty, entitled "Pound for Germany," Fostelle in his capital burlesque "Fun in the Parlor," in which he was ably assisted by Miss Lizzie Conway and Frank A. and Nellie Tannehill, and Florence and Jessie Dalton in the concluding sensational drama of "Nimble Jim." The closures Dec. 22 were Chas. S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers, Murphy and Shannon and the Tannehill Combination. The fresh faces announced for Dec. 24 are Millie Marsham, M. W. Leffingwell, Jennie Hughes, Ethel Linton, and Murphy and Morton, the burlesque extravaganza of "Jack the Giant-killer" being produced on the last-mentioned date.

DOCTOR MACK, the Warm Spring Indian chief, is residing in Philadelphia, occasionally appearing upon the variety stage. On December 18 he went on a "canico," and was arrested in an "indisposed" condition, after adding to his fame as a warrior by knocking down those who came in his way.

A BALL was made on Noonan's Varieties, in the basement at the northeast corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Dec. 21, and the performers, spectators and employes, numbering over sixty persons, were arrested. John C. Noonan, the proprietor, was held in $1,000 bail to answer the charge of keeping a disorderly house, and the rest of the prisoners were held in $500 bail each to keep the peace.

MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, was attended by the usual large audiences during the week ending December 22; the fresh items of the programme presented by Manager Kurtz embracing the musical specialties of Bryant and Daylie and Rollin Howard's new burlesque "The Child of the Regiment," in which the author's singing and acting were displayed to unusual advantage. Closing Dec. 22: Goldie, Steel and Sallie St. Clair, Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray. Announced for Dec. 24: Murphy and Shannon, Ed. and Ida Gardner and Hattie Livingston.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMIQUE, Sansom and Eighth streets, Philadelphia, will be reopened Dec. 24, with the following company: Miranda Sisters, Frank and Clara Mara, Ella Caldwell, Parker Sisters, Erba Robeson, Hooley and Thompson, Goldie, Steel and Sallie St. Clair, Ada Clifford, Young Ajax, Frank Clayton, Maggie Weemer and Harry Bernard, the last-named acting as stage-manager. The auditorium has been renovated, a balcony erected, and new scenery added, making it now a pretty little theatre.

THE BEARDE BROTHERS—Thomas and Master Heney and Bobby—statue-clog and song-and-dance artists, who also play second B-tenor and snare-drums, can be addressed care of this office.

AT THE COMIQUE, St. Louis, Mo., the new appearances Dec. 16 were Miss Carrie Lavarnie, serio-comic, and Sid. C. France, who played Skid in "Marked for Life." Billy and Maggie Ray failed to appear. The Lynn Sisters, Sid. C. France and Carrie Lavarnie close 23, the latter for Indianapolis. To open 23: Cardella and Victorelli, J. Arthur Doty, Irwin Sisters, the Continental Four, Milligan and Weaver, Moore and Lessinger, James Maas and Gussie Creyton, and Amy De Brent. Attendance good.....A good business was done at the Globe, where the following people appeared 16: Leslie and Williams, song-and-dance; Lillie Ellis, serio-comic; and Mons. Fiorentine in a juggling act. Fanny Herring, for her second and last week, played the title-role in "Jack Sheppard." Departures 22: Minnie Rainforth, Indianapolis, Ind.; Leslie and Williams, Chicago; Fanny Herring, Cincinnati: and Mons. Fiorentine, who remains in the city. Johnny Smith and W. H. Langdon open 23.....Bowman's Coliseum (formerly Looney's) will be reopened 22 with a new company.....Nothing new at the Tivoli. Advices of Dec. 21.

THE ATTENDANCE at Harry Williams' Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., last week was moderately large. The new attractions consisted of Mabel Ward, Reynolds and Walling, German artists; Mlle. Cora and Mons. Austin, gymnasts; Bohee Brothers, banjoists and comedians; Girard Brothers, song-and-dance; Maud Sheppard, vocalist; and J. D. Kelly, musical genius. Closing 22: Bohee Brothers, to Cincinnati, O.; J. D. Kelly, Newark, N. J.; Mlle. Cora and Mons. Austin, Cleveland, O. Commencing 24: Harry Osborne, Fannie Wentworth, Frankie Sidney, Harry Lester, Nora Wright, Harry Wilson, Mme. Cora De Stellini's Female Minstrels, Mowatt's sensational dancers.....Sproal's Fourth-avenue Theatre is announced to reopen 22, with the following company: Joe Miller, Amy De Brent, Kelly and Hughes, Millie Rosselie, Harris and McNeil, Kate Morris, Geo. W. Herman, Emma De Zoda, W. C. Carpenter, Josie Marks, Wyber, Hayden, Helen Devere, Maggie Carpenter, Nanie Herbert, Frankie Jones, Celie Berry, and Helen Mentz.....Trimble's Varieties Theatre is as yet unleased.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, there were no new faces last week.

ARRIVALS at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., Dec. 17, were Nellie St. John, Manvers and Woods, Murphy and Mack, Polly Daily, and T. Grattan Riggs in "Shin Fane." Departures 22: Millie Martelle, to the Central; E. F. Barnes, Nellie St. John, Marie Wellesley, and T. Grattan Riggs, to Pittsburg. Announced for 24: Charlotte M. Stanley, Andy and Annie Hughes, and Ida Morris.

THE ATLANTIC GARDEN, Fort Wayne, Ind., is reported as doing a good business. Billed for Dec. 24: Chas. and Dottie Seaman, Harry and Marie Gardner, and Tommy and Annie Leighton. Departures 23: Morris Bros. and J. Arthur Doty.

METCHER'S OPERA HOUSE, Fall River, Mass., closed Dec. 22 after a four weeks' season, paid all bills, and they leave a good name behind them. The company disbanded.

AT THE CHURCH-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, New Haven, Ct., the departures Dec. 22 were J. J. Riley and Lizzie Smith, to Philadelphia. Arrivals 24: The Murdochs—Frank and Irene—Tommy Jefferson, add Weaver and Maggie Winchester. Dec. 29 the company will perform in Music Hall.

AT GILMORE'S HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., which was occupied by minstrels last week, Charles S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers, Niles and Evans, Fontainebleau Sisters, Suydam Brothers, Scanlon and Cronin, and Robert Fraser, in pantomime of "Santa Claus," to fair business. Attractions for the current week.....The Front-street Theatre was opened 17, under the direction of Manager Rogers of the Comique, Washington, with Jake Budd as stage-manager, and R. M. Reid as treasurer. The billing was both badly and thoroughly done, and the public knew of it before the opening. Despite all this and other drawbacks, the attendance was fair. Mlle. De White's Red Stocking Minstrels opened the bill, and proved quite a treat. The scene disclosed fourteen stylish young ladies attired in red capes and hoods, with white fronts, and red stockings underskirts, white fleshings, red stockings, and blonde wigs. Jake Budd, Al Henderson, Frank White, Charley Campbell, W. Green, and Billy Bryant were all seen to advantage during the course of the evening. Lottie Brown has a good voice of rare compass and sweetness. The other really good cards were R. G. Allen, banjoist; Andy and Annie Hughes, in Irish sketches; Ida Morris, in military songs; and Bryant and Williams, in their Corkonian essence. Closed 22: Ida Morris, to Washington; Andy Hughes, to Washington. Coming 24: E. F. Barnes, to act as stage-manager during Jake Budd's absence, and T. Grattan Riggs.....The arrivals at New Central Theatre 17 were the Aldine Sisters and Lou Vavasour, serio-comics, and the Maud Hastings Blonde Specialty Company. Business fair. The minstrels opened the bill. Business fair. Closed 22: Billy Wylie, to New York; and Maud Hastings, no date. Coming Dec. 24: Walter Bray, Mlle. Marvelle, Harris and McNeice, and a ballet.....Gus Peters and Mlle. Etta, ballet at the Odeon 24; Dec. 17, did not connect. Minnie Farrell has won much reputation for her fine singing as well as her rich and tasty dressing. Business good. Departures 22: Frank and Clara Mara, to Philadelphia; and the Kine Brothers, Johnny Whitney and Mollie Williams, to Pittsburg. Comique 24: Thatcher and Hume, Mlle. La Font, Alice Hale and Belle Clifton. Letter of Dec. 21.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., opening Dec. 17 were Harry Woodson, Ada Stanwood, Jennie Eagan and Ida Melville. No departures 22 or arrivals 24.

MISS I. O. is the name of Sig. Elviro's partner, and not J. O., as advertised in last week's CLIPPER.

ADELPHI THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., is to lease for the season. See card.

CHAS. AND ANNIE WHITING perform in their musical specialties at the Theatre Comique, Boston, Mass., Dec. 24, one week; thence to Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 31, one week, then they join Cool Burgess for the season.

THE PRINCIPAL FEATURE at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Ind., last week, was Chas. Foster in his play of "Saved at Seven." Opening 24: Sid. C. France and "Marked for Life," Billy and Maggie Ray varnie, serio-comic. Business fair.....At Crone's City Garden the attendance continued good. Closures 22: Sellon and Burns, Louisville; Letha Weber and Ada Burnett, unknown; Dan Mason, Cleveland, Arrivals 24: Nat and Bernecia Bloomsom, and Minnie Rainforth. E. A. Garlich, leader of the orchestra, will spend Christmas-week with friends in St. Louis.....Marie D'Este's Parisian Blondes were billed at Masonic Hall for Dec. 17, but at the eleventh hour the superintendent of the hall, under the impression that the C. A., refused the company the room. The blondes tarried long enough only to obtain a square meal, and departed for Lafayette, where they were billed for 18. The action of the Y. M. C. A. is very generally denounced, the applauding few being confined to the Plymouth Congregational circle. Mlle. Lonisa Buckingham "Mazeppa" party left for California 18. Letter of Dec. 20.

THE MANAGER of the Excelsior Theatre, Youngstown, O., is reported to have decamped without paying his bills.

THE NEW PEOPLE at Shelby's, Buffalo, N. Y., last week were Alice Hale, Gibson and Binney, Ferguson and Flynn, Hulmes and Leo, Fannie Beane, and Niles and Evans. Good houses were the rule. Closed 23: Niles and Evans and Alice Hale, to Baltimore; Louise Murio, Cincinnati; Gibson and Binney, New York; the Duvalli Sisters, Providence, R. I.; Hulmes and Leo, to Hamilton, Ont., where they join Kate Fisher's Combination 24; and Ferguson and Flynn, unknown. Coming 24: Elsa Canissa, Tillie Andrews, and the Swains—Sam and Carrie—Leslie Bros., Howland Sisters, Chas. Ahrhart, and the Clark Bros.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Detroit, Mich. (formerly Orchestrion Hall), was opened Dec. 17 to a good attendance, which was not so good the rest of the week. John F. Long is proprietor; L. Manning, stage-manager; Billy Sharp, business-manager; Prof. Reshke, leader of orchestra. The following was the company: Haley and Ryan, Keating and Flynn, Jennie Southern, John L. Sullivan, Tude and Charest, Dick Daniels and Dan Tracy. Closing 22: Devlin and Tracy, Cleveland; Keating and Flynn, Sandusky; Tude and Charest, Cincinnati. Announced for 24: Mike Austin, Mlle. Cora, Dora Dawron and Hudson Brothers.....At Mozart Hall, departures 22: Crandall, Cincinnati; Eva Denison and Charles Wilson, Chicago. Coming 24: Lydia Rosa, Della Wallace, Andy Hughes, and Cutler and Thompson.....At Foster's Coliseum on the 17th came Wingfield and Gregory, Della Rosa, Shepard and Harry Blanchard, Elsa Canissa, John and Maggie Fielding, the Qu

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we could advise patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

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FOR 1878.

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MILTON NOBLES, Olympic Theatre, St. Louis.
Dec. 17, 1877. 40-1t

A CARD TO MANAGERS.—Having disposed of my interest in "The Phœnix" Combination to Mr. Nobles, who assumes the active management, I am prepared to negotiate with responsible parties for the position of Business-manager or Advance Agent.
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